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ELINOR PRESTON;

OR,

SCENES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

(*Continued from our last.*)

Whatever amusement or pleasure we might have found in the all but matchless scenery of the Hudson, dullness and dejection settled down on us lone wanderers when at Troy we exchanged the cheerful airy deck of one of its best steamers for the dreary pen called a canal-boat, for those were the days of canal-boats—that safe but most intolerable of all lumbering water-machines. We moderns may turn up our noses at the cumbrous stage-coaches of a by-gone day, but what was their tedium to that of the canal-boat? True, it is one of the safest of all conveyances, and many thousands of valuable lives would in all probability have been saved to society within the last few years, had human science never gone beyond them, but still—we cannot help admitting that in the present age of the world, travelling by canal is about the same with regard to speed as travelling on ass-back—I beg pardon for the irreverent allusion to that much slandered animal. In fact there are so many points of similarity between the two—dull and heavy, slow and sure as they both are—that we may not unaptly style the canal-boat the ass of the waters. If ever any human being was sick of weariness it was my poor self during the twenty-four hours, I think it was, that it took us to go from Troy to Whitehall. The country through which we travelled had nothing in it to interest a stranger—we had no society on board—not a soul worth speaking of, and the weather was of that kind that depresses both mind and body—dull, gray, and sultry as weather could be. So there we all sat the live-long day, on two rows of red cushions looking at each other, such as we were, across the long table, until I verily believe we could have painted every face of the cabin passengers from the tablets of memory at any given time after our landing. Well for us if they had even been a good-looking company—agreeable pictures for reminiscence, but to the best of my knowledge they were as ill-favored a set of people—as dreary and unsociable, as ever formed parallel lines in the cabin of a canal-packet. Oh! that weary, weary journey—what a leaden hue it wears away back amongst the varied scenes of my life.

Happily we were soon to have a change. At Whitehall, the bleakest of all bleak villages, we got on board a very trim and tasteful steamer to make the voyage of Lake Champlain, and it was new life to find ourselves once more afloat on a broad clear sheet of water with a brisk autumn breeze agitating its surface, the Green Mountains of Vermont and the far-off Highlands of New York on either side. The scenery on Lake Champlain is very fine, especially as we approach the Canadian frontier, where it begins to narrow in, and its picturesque aspect contributed not a little to dispel the thick clouds of despondency from my mind and the dark misgivings which had begun to haunt me. The rich, many-colored woods, and towering rocks and silvery surface of that lovely lake did more to give us a favorable impression of Canada than any amount of reasoning could have done. A couple of hours' ride from St. John's—at the northern extremity of Lake Champlain—brought us to the village of Laprairie, in the most sedate, ambling, quiet railroad-car we ever put foot in—a perfect match for the Troy and Whitehall packet, if ever there was one to be found following in the wake of an iron horse.

Laprairie was certainly a discouraging specimen of a Canadian village—whatever change may have taken place there since, there was no appearance of taste, no order, and no cleanliness to boast of.

"Well!" said George, with sly meaning, as we traversed the wooden pier leading out to where the ferry-boat lay waiting for us—"what do you think of this, ma belle Elinor? This village of the prairie makes but a sorry impression on behalf of your *beau Canada*.

"Well! considering that it is so near the capital, I must own it is somewhat of the shabbiest, but don't be too ready to judge by appearances—let us wait till we have seen Montreal—that will be a fair test."

I made no reply, but I adopted the idea, and seating myself on the side of the boat facing the north bank of the river, I looked eagerly out for the first appearance of the city which, in all probability, was to be my home in the New World. At length it appeared above the heaving surface of the river, and although it presented a strange and foreign aspect, still the picture was a fine one and it somehow cheered my drooping heart. Stretching apparently for miles along the margin of the great river, lay the fair city of Montreal—the chosen city of Mary—with its tin roofs reflecting the midday sun, and a stately mountain wooded to the summit, rearing its giant bulk behind for great part of the city's length. Gloriously conspicuous about the very centre rose two massive Gothic towers crenellated and surmounted by graceful minerets at every corner. This my heart told me was a Catholic Church—most probably dedicated to the Mother of Christians. So uplifted was I at the thought that it was with an anxious heart I asked a gentleman who, by his clerical costume, I judged to be a priest, what that was, pointing to the square Gothic towers.

"That—oh! that is Notre Dame de Montreal—commonly called here the French Church. It is the parish church of Montreal, and was built by the Seminary of St. Sulpice."

"Thank God!" I fervently exclaimed. The gentleman looked at me and a benevolent smile lit up his dark, sun bronzed features.

"So my good young lady!—you have a different feeling in regard to yonder towers from that expressed by a minister of some sect who crossing here from the States just as we are now, and struck by the noble aspect of the parish church, asked like you, what towers those were. On being told he raised his hands and eyes in holy horror, and with a deep groan ejaculated: 'Alas! the horns of Babylon!'"*

"Poor man!" said my brother, who had now joined us, after exchanging a courteous salute with the clergyman, "poor man! I shouldn't wonder if he had a fit of dyspepsy after that—a Catholic city rearing such monuments as those churches to the sky," pointing as he spoke to the many cross-crowned buildings which we could now distinguish, "was rather too much for his highly reformed stomach to digest."

The good priest was much pleased with George's manner of speaking, and during the short remainder of the voyage he attached himself exclusively to us, inquiring with the kindest interest as to where we came from and what our prospects were in Canada.

"Ah!" said he, "I might have known that you were from Ireland—there is a warmth, a simple fervor about the Irish in matters affecting religion which distinguishes them from all others. I must confess I have not often met persons of your stamp coming direct from Ireland—my experience of your people has been chiefly with the lower and more uneducated classes, but even with regard to them, my remark holds good. I am a French Canadian myself, but I must say I have a great respect for Irish Catholics."

The cordial welcome of this good gentleman when we landed on the wharf—and magnificent wharves Montreal has—too magnificent for her present commerce, was very encouraging, and when he left us to go to the Seminary, where there is open house at all times for priests, he promised to come and see us at our hotel with one of the clergymen belonging to the city, whom it would be well for us to know.

"Before you go, sir," said I, "permit me to make one remark. I had always understood that Montreal had no commerce at all commensurate to her fine position, midway, as it were, between the great Lakes and the Gulf. It is an agreeable surprise to me to see such a goodly display of shipping," and I pointed to the long line of ships, many of them, evidently from beyond seas, nearly all with the union jack floating from their yards.

"Ah! ah!" said the priest, "you must not judge from that—it is September now, Mademoiselle, and we have the fall fleet in—at least part of it. There are seasons when we have very little shipping here—before many months go by, there won't be a sail to be seen at all along the St. Lawrence." At first I was simple, or forgetful enough to express my amazement, whereupon the good priest laughed heartily, and George laughed too.

"Why, you simple girl," said he, "have you forgotten that the ice-king keeps his Christmas in these parts, and in very sport enchants the rivers into highways?"

I was amused at my own forgetfulness, the more so as I had been wont to look forward to the snowy, icy winter of Lower Canada as something new and fresh.

The priest made his bow and retired, and we, stepping into an omnibus, (the only omnibuses used in the Canadian Capital are those belonging to the hotels,) were driven to one of the first-class hotels, "for," said George, "*my* hotel-life is ended for the present, and you will, of course, seek some other place of residence as soon as possible, so the depth, or rather the shallowness of our own common purse is of no great consequence." Poor George could never get over his reckless disregard of money. He was made for either of the two arms of the United Service, and nothing else.

A few weeks saw George quite at home in his new profession. It is never hard for a dashing young fellow, such as he was, to get to the heart of a military circle—if he be of the right stuff, one meal at the mess-table is quite sufficient to make him one of the family, as it were. In fact, George was very soon the prime favorite of the mess-room, and when he walked the streets in the handsome uniform of the gallant ——th, he was the admiration of all that numerous class of young ladies who have a partiality for red coats—especially when there are "bowld soger boys" in them. He was happy, for such a life exactly suited his disposition, naturally bright, and very much averse to care or application of any kind. As for me, although I could have wished to see him in a quieter and more settled way of life, I had only to reconcile myself to it as well as I could, and I prayed for him—oh, how fervently!—that he might be preserved even as were the three young Hebrews in the fiery furnace, for I could not, or did not conceal from myself, that he, too, was in a fiery furnace little less dangerous than that of the Assyrian tyrant. For myself I was tolerably well situated. Through the kind offices of Mrs. Colonel —— I had obtained a situation as companion to the wife of a superannuated general officer settled in Montreal. The duties of my office were very light—merely to amuse the old lady as I best could, and in her own way, when we were alone, and to assist in the entertainment of company, which was by far the heaviest of my functions, for the dear old lady was never so well pleased as when she had her house full. She was very deaf, and, as is usual with deaf people, spoke in a loud, harsh voice. She was, notwithstanding her infirmity, given to "much talking," but that made my task all the lighter, for I had only to listen, and pay just as much attention as enabled me to retain the thread of her discourse. Of the general we saw but little, for he still held some government office which kept him moving to and fro over the province. When he did pay us a visit, it was very welcome to the entire household from Lady —— down to Martha the housemaid, and Jenny the cook who had been for years in the family, nay! Ponto, the old Newfoundland dog, was gladdest of all to see his master, for he, too, had grown old in the service, and had "roamed through many lands" in the suite of the worthy Brigadier. Lady —— always made it a point to celebrate Sir Henry's arrival by a grand party, though it often happened that she had had one within the week. It was plain to see that the stern old officer took no particular pleasure in these gay assemblies, and he always appeared to me at such times pretty much like a fish out of the water. He was very good-natured, however, and used to say when resigning himself with a sigh to the general commotion excited in the house by the approaching event: "Poor Dorothy! I wish she could devise some other method of welcoming me home!—but parties are *her* life, and always were ever since I knew her, so she can't understand, or never could, that they're a positive bore to an old soldier like me who has been buffetting the world for a good part of a century. Dorothy must have her way, however,—we're both too old to begin to quarrel now. But oh! Miss Preston, if she'd only let me rest when I come under the shadow of my household gods!"

I, of course, commiserated the good general's distress, especially as I very soon grew weary myself of the continual bustle, and began to long for quiet. Still I could not find in my heart to leave the kind old lady who was really interested in my welfare, and showed it in a very substantial way, though occasionally I came in for a lecture on my "tiresome melancholy," and for a certain "nasty habit" which Lady —— said I had "of falling into *reveries*, or brown studies," I believe she termed them.

"Have you been crossed in love, my dear? or what's the matter with you that you're always thinking?"

"You forget, my dear madam, that I have lost within a few years my nearest and dearest ——"

"Poh, poh! child! is that all—doesn't every

* This really occurred just as it is told.

one lose their friends and relations some time or another. I've been an orphan myself these many years!"

"I should think you had," thought I, "for half a century at least." The thought made me smile, and the smile restored the dowager's good humor for that time.

Two years passed away pleasantly enough at Lady ——'s. Notwithstanding my general aversion to large parties, I began rather to enjoy the great variety of visitors we had, and the equally great diversity of their characters. Amongst these I particularly relished the unctions and most sweet professors of the word who with due regard to her soul's welfare, and (of course) a certain consideration for the good things so freely dispensed at her table, availed themselves of many opportunities to share her hospitality, and shout their several systems of theology into her ear in a way that was quite dogmatical. These gentlemen professed a great horror of military society in general, so they seldom were found at any of Lady ——'s grand entertainments. They made up for it, however, during the short intervals, and I soon observed that, under one charitable pretence and another, they were no small drain on the old lady's purse.

I had not been long in the house before I discovered that nearly all the clerical visitors belonged to what they called the French Canadian Missionary Society. The ostensible object of this association was the conversion, as they termed it, of the Catholic people of Lower Canada, so I kept my eye on them from the first, and many a hearty laugh George had at their expense, as I carefully treasured every choice *morceau* of their intelligence for his private instruction.

Lady —— appeared to take quite an interest in the affairs of the Society, and she was in the habit of boasting to me of the good which her money did in the way of diffusing religious light amongst the benighted population of the country. I generally answered with a wondering "Indeed!" for I very early found out that argument had not the slightest effect on the good lady's mind. I had told her over and over again of the age-long system of temptation brought to bear on the poor starving Catholics of Western Ireland with the vain hope of drawing them away from the faith of their fathers. It was no use—she would cram it down my throat that Exeter Hall had done wonders in the way of converting the Irish papists, that the latter were "coming forth from Babylon" by hundreds and thousands, and *for that very reason* it was that she encouraged the efforts of the F. C. M. Society. What could I say to such reasoning as this?

I observed all along that the affairs of "the Society" were never brought before the general, and for some time I could by no means understand why his Protestant sympathies should not be worked upon for the greater advancement of the noble object which his spouse and her satellites had in view. For the first few months my presence was no obstacle to the discussion of evangelical matters—a latent hope being entertained, as I afterwards found, that "the young lady from Ireland" might be happily "snatched from the burning." Latterly, however, this hope seemed extinguished—in gall, it must have been, for the extinction made the ministers as bitter towards me as such blandly apostolic men ever could be. The worst of it was that I lost all the solemn farces in which they and Lady —— were the actors.

(*To be continued.*)

FORT GEORGE, HALIFAX.—The Citadel, or Fort George, occupies the high round hill which rises directly back of the town to about three hundred feet above the tide, and perfectly commands the town and adjacent harbor. There is said to be room enough within its walls for all the inhabitants of the town, to which they could retreat in case of a siege. The works cover an area of about six acres, there being a double line of forts, composed of massive granite, and presenting every variety of angle. A ditch 25 feet deep and 60 feet wide surrounds it on all sides, with a single entrance, or bridgeway, on the east side, which could be removed in an hour. Two ravelins, which have been lately completed within the walls, are elegant specimens of masonry. The whole hill is being rounded off, and a line of earth works are to be constructed at its base, at every salient angle. The parapet is now covered, at wide intervals, with 32 pounders, mounted upon iron carriages. Extensive changes and improvements are being adopted, and when the present plans are complete, this fort, it is said, will mount over 400 guns. The cast iron swivel carriages are condemned as being too liable to injury from cannon shots, and are all to be replaced by others made of teak wood.

LETTER OF THE REV. MR. REYNOLDS, P.P., CLAREMORRIS.

To the Editor of the Morning Post:

SIR:—I am indebted to the kindness of a friend for a copy of *Saunder's News-Letter* of the 6th instant, which reached me this morning, and which contains an article from the *Morning Post*, in which you have most unjustifiably assailed my character. The general tenor of the article referred to is in the highest degree offensive to the Catholic Clergy of Ireland. You have exhausted the vocabulary of abuse in your description of the horribly atrocious conduct which you allege had been practised by the Irish Priests during the late elections. Everything vile, everything base, everything opposed to good manners, good taste, or to common charity, you unscrupulously impute to them. If your estimate of their character be correct, they are centuries behind the civilization of the present age, and are only fit to be the associates of the veriest savages; they possess all the worst failings of human nature without a single redeeming trait. I shall quote your own words, and pardon my candor in telling you, that neither the style nor matter does you any great share of credit:

"Notwithstanding that these Priests have not had a single complaint or grievance, that their prejudices have been flattered, their wishes consulted, and their fiscal burthens lightened in every way consistent with the law, they have flung themselves into electoral and party contests with unexampled virulence and vehemence, disregarding all the sanctions of religion, charity, good neighborhood, good feeling, and good taste. Good manners and good taste, indeed, we cannot expect from men so born and so educated; but we might, at least, expect from them charity, meekness, tolerance, and inoffensive demeanor. None, however, of these qualities appear to have been exhibited by them at the recent Irish elections in March. In every contest in which they interfered—and there was scarcely a contest in the west, or south, or the midland counties of Ireland, in which they did not interfere more or less—they sowed strife broadcast, they exasperated party spirit, and dictated their commands with an imperious, vulgar, and low-bred insolence, of which an English gentleman can form no conception. Woe to the voter who resists this Priestly duress. He was denounced from the altar; he was denied the Sacraments; the females of his family were incited to revolt against him, and a ferocious mob, maddened with whiskey, was hounded on to hunt him down."

Sir, it is plain your prejudices have deceived you, and that you are laboring under a gross delusion. You are endeavoring to hound down before the English public a body of Priests inferior to none in the Catholic Church. Some of those whom you have reviled are eminently distinguished for exalted talents, varied acquirements, and extensive learning. Others less gifted are not, however, the less efficient in promoting the cause of religion and morality; but all, of whatever capability, are most zealous in inculcating allegiance to the throne, enforcing the observance of the laws, maintaining order, and advancing the general interests of those committed to their care. I would venture to assert that even in London, enlightened by the presence of the editor of the *Morning Post*, there is more ignorance, more immorality, and more crime of every kind than in all Ireland taken together. Nay, more, I am firmly convinced (and my assertion can be proved by documentary evidence of the most satisfactory kind), that in some parts of England, with all its boasted civilization and its almost infinite number of Bibles, there is to be found a greater ignorance of the principal mysteries of the Christian religion than in the most benighted quarter of this island of ours. I am not about to undertake the defence of the Order to which I have the honor to belong. They can well afford to disregard the attacks, open or covert, which may be directed against them by the ignorance or malignity of their assailants; nay, even to reciprocate with interest the feelings which have prompted the truculent onslaughts made upon them.

I was quite prepared for any insult that might be offered by an English Protestant journalist to the Clergy of the Irish people. Hostility to our race and creed is one of the distinguishing characteristics of English Protestants. Individual Clergymen, however, are, I should suppose, ordinarily treated with some regard to justice and fair play. I am, therefore, wholly at a loss to understand why it is that from the first sitting of the Mayo Election Committee up to the present time I have been three times most unwarrantably assailed. Mr. Edwin James, Q.C., in his opening speech for the petitioner, made a statement of the most defamatory character regarding me, of which he did not, because he *could not*, offer the slightest proof. Mr. O'Malley also, in winding up the case for the petitioner, infers that I had been guilty of all that was imputed to me, because, forsooth, I did not proceed to London to disprove a charge unsupported by a particle of evidence. The law of the land, as well as charity, presumes every man innocent till his guilt is finally established. But the coarse ribaldry of Mr. O'Malley would not be restrained by charity or law, and the Priest must be declared guilty at all hazards. Following the example of those gentlemen learned in the law, but who would dispose of the Priest without judge or jury, you have libelled me in the most unjustifiable manner. I shall again quote your own language, and must, indeed, add that it is not the most creditable specimen of "good manners and good taste" on your part

"In Mayo one Peter Reynolds, a Priest, strongly advised the people not to vote for Higgins, and this meek disciple of Dens took an active part in bringing up the whiskey-excited voters to poll for Moore. Not content with acting at what is called in Ireland a 'gutter agent,' Priest Reynolds exercised his moral casuistry on one Patrick King, a voter who had promised Higgins, but who was brought to the poll by his Reverence to vote for Moore, the voter thus breaking his solemnly plighted word. By what process of reasoning the Priest accomplished this feat we are, of course, unaware. There may have been terror, there may have been deception, or there may have been that tampering with the conscience of the voter which enables the Popish Priest to make the worse appear the better reason. In any event, it is lamentable to think that men so virulent, so ill-conditioned, and, we may add, so ferocious, tyrannical, and intolerant as these Priests, have such a tremendous and irresponsible power. Nor was Reynolds the only Priest figuring at the Mayo contest."

Sir, I at once recognize the source whence you have drawn your inspiration. Your informant is the traitor who betrayed the interests of the people of Mayo, the pledgebreaker who shamefully violated his solemnly plighted faith, and the Catholic (?) calumniator who falsely charged the Clergy of his own Church with conduct unbecoming their sacred calling. You had no personal knowledge of me, and there is not in the blue book of the evidence before the Mayo Committee a single statement that would inculpate me. The inference, then, is inevitable that some persons supplied the brief, and it is not too much to further infer that he is the same who prompted Mr. Edwin James to make a false statement, and that ribald logician, Mr. O'Malley, to draw a false conclusion.

Any one reading the observations you have made regarding me would have thought that I had been perpetually engaged in election contests. I suppose you will be astonished to hear that, though a Priest for over nineteen years, I never took part in any contested election, except the last for this county. And I am quite sure you will be much edified when you learn that I did not transgress the bounds of propriety. If you doubt my testimony, I beg to refer you to the evidence in the blue book of Mr. R. Prendergast and Mr. Joseph Bourke. These witnesses were more than politically opposed to me, and yet they proved nothing that could in any way implicate me. Mr. Bourke swore that I "strongly advised the people not to vote for Higgins;" but when further questioned as to whether he saw me in the booth, his reply was that I "neither said nor did anything." Now, Sir, what must you think of your informant when, in the whole passage regarding me specially, there is not a single word of truth, except so far as that I advised the people to vote against Higgins, because he was a pledgebreaker? It is not true that I "brought up the whiskey-excited voters to poll for Moore." None of Mr. Moore's voters were in that condition. It is not true that I was the "gutter agent" of any one (I would scorn such an occupation). And it is equally untrue that I "exercised moral casuistry on one Patrick King, a voter who had promised Higgins, but who was brought to the poll by his Reverence to vote for Moore, the voter thus breaking his solemnly plighted word." The whole story about King is absolutely false. That he did not intend to vote for Higgins is plain from the fact of his not having gone to Ballinrobe on Monday or Tuesday, the two first polling days. He was under the impression that the election was over when I spoke to him about his vote. He is not a parishioner of mine; I merely spoke to him because he was an acquaintance, and I can state most confidently there was neither "terror," nor "deception," nor "tampering with the conscience of the voter." Mr. King, who is a very respectable person, is too intelligent and independent to be dictated to by any one. Indeed, there is no person within the range of my influence whom I would not advise to vote against Higgins. If that be a crime, I must plead guilty. But I defy any human being to prove that I have transgressed the limits of legitimate persuasion. I claim the privileges of citizenship, and until an Irish Priest, as such, is placed outside the pale of the constitution, I shall never surrender to any one my right to persuade others to adopt my political views. I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

PETER REYNOLDS.

CLAREMORRIS, Aug. 11, 1857.

P.S.—I should hope all the journals which copied the defamatory article in the *Morning Post*, of which I have just had reason to complain, will, in a spirit of justice and fair play, also publish my reply.

REVERSE OF FORTUNE.—The Orleans *American* says that Wm. McAllister, a gray headed old man and an inmate of the Poor House, has just pleaded guilty to the charge of firing the County Superintendent's residence. Years ago McAllister owned the land upon which Albion now stands. He cleared it of the forest and became rich. He finally sold out and went to Canada. He returned last year poor and infirm, and was lodged in the county house.

DEATH OF MRS. RENDALL, AGED 103 YEARS.—This remarkable lady expired at her residence in Liverpool on the 3d ult. She retained all her faculties to the last hour of her life, and received visitors, with whom she conversed in her usual animated and clear manner up to the day preceding her death.

ORKNEY ANTIQUITIES.—The following account of antiquarian discoveries in the Orkney Islands recently appeared in the *John O'Groat Journal*:

"Mr. Farrer having been informed that a subterranean chamber had been accidentally discovered some years ago in a field on the farm of Grain, near Kirkwall, set some men to search for the passage to the chamber, by digging in a part of the field pointed out by those who had some recollection of it. The search during the first two days brought to light a great mass of building, over which the plough has for many years passed. The ruinous state of the walls rendered it hopeless to form an idea of the original plan. At length a passage was found, terminating in a built cell or chamber of an irregular oval shape, about 13 feet long, and about 6 feet of average width, and from 5 to 6 feet in height. There are two large blocks of stone placed upright, one on each side of the cell, about 3 feet from its entrance, and about a foot from the wall. Three feet further in, two other stones are similarly placed. They are all about a foot square, from 4 1-2 to 5 feet high. These blocks have stones projecting from the walls and resting on them to support the roof of the cell. The roof is formed by large stones laid lengthwise and across the cell. The passage is about 22 or 23 feet in length, from 2 feet 3 inches to 2 feet 8 inches in breadth, and about 3 feet high. It is evident from the mass of ruins above and around the cell, that there has been a large building on the spot, probably one of the large circular towers similar to those discovered at Burray and Birsay. One of that class is just now being explored at Rinnibister, in the parish of Firth, and there is evidence, in the many ruins of round towers which still exist in Orkney, that the number of such buildings has at one time been very considerable. They are from 50 to 60 feet in diameter from outside to outside of wall. The walls are from 12 to 15 feet thick, and, judging from the mass of ruins still remaining in some cases, must have originally been not less than 30 feet in height."

MINNESOTA SEAL AND COAT OF ARMS.—We have been shown the device of the seal and coat of arms adopted, says the St. Paul *Times*, for our future State, which is beautiful, suggestive, and every way appropriate, reflecting great credit upon the good taste of the committee on seal, &c., Messrs. Low and Billings. It is thus described: It represents a waterfall—supposed to be that of Minneha-ha—within a shield, symbolizing the abundant and varied water-power and privilege of the State. An Indian figure with its face toward the setting sun, and tomahawk and arrows at his feet. Opposite is the figure of a white man with a sheaf of wheat and agricultural implements. The Indian is represented as asking of the white man whither he shall go, and the white man pointing to the implements, as if he would direct him in the habits of civilized life. In one corner, a distant view of Lake Superior and a sail; in the other, the Minnesota river and a steamer. The three pine regions of the St. Croix, Mississippi and Lake Superior are represented by three pine trees. The motto accompanying the words, "State of Minnesota, A.D. 1857," is in these words: "Liberty and Union."

THE LUCKY LEGAL FEE.—A gentleman of Cincinnati states that Nicholas Longworth, who was in his native state a shoemaker, practised law on his removal to that city during the years between 1804 and 1820. He once received as a legal fee for defending a horse thief, two second-hand copper stills. The gentleman who had them in possession refused to give them up, but proposed to Mr. Longworth to give him a lot of thirty-three acres on Western Row, so called, in lieu of them—a proposal which the latter, whose sanguine opinions of the value of such property were ahead of his time, gladly accepted. The transaction formed the basis of an immense fortune, the naked ground being now worth over two millions of dollars.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY.—Richard Maughan, of Strathmun, parish of Magownagh, near Crossmolina, while engaged lately in preparing a small patch of mountain land, for the purpose of sowing some cabbage seed, came on a flag two feet deep, on removing which he found a pot covered with some cloth, which was perfectly decayed. The pot contained 300 pieces of gold, the size of a two shilling piece, and 400 the size of a guinea, and a solitary piece as large as a half-guinea, all of the reign of James the Second.

A GREENLAND WHALE.—We have an account of a huge Greenland whale that was lately fallen in with by fishing schooner Samuel Gilbert, of Gloucester, Mass., about twenty or twenty-five miles off land, and by that vessel towed into Tracadie harbor, where it now lies. The whale is 75 feet long, and 25 to thirty feet through, the head 30 feet long, and the lips 20 feet. When found it was floating on its back, the most elevated part being twenty feet above water, and was taken in tow by passing a hawser round the tail.

A GREAT FIELD OF CORN.—Mr. James Buckalew, of Jamesburg, N. Y., has a field of corn comprising *two hundred acres*, the rows being a mile long, and the whole a perfect wilderness of luxuriant fodder, promising a crop worthy of the care and liberality of its enterprising owner. No such cornfield as this can be found either in this State or in Pennsylvania, and probably nowhere else short of the prairies of Illinois.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS
OF
O'CONNELL.

BY WILLIAM J. O'N. DAUNT, ESQ.,
OF KILCASCAN, COUNTY CORK.

CHAPTER XVI.

O'Connell at Home—Forensic Recollections—A Candid Physician—Crosbie Morgan—Hunting—Recollections of the Penal Laws—"Discoverers."

O'CONNELL never appeared to greater advantage than when presiding at his own table. Of him it may be said—as Lockhart has observed of Scott—that his notions of hospitality included the necessity of making his intellectual stores available to the amusement of his guests. His conversation was replete with anecdote; and the narratives which possessed for me by far the greatest interest, were those in which the narrator was personally concerned. His memory was prodigious; and not the smallest trait of character or manner in the numberless persons with whom, in the course of his bustling career, he had come in contact, escaped the grasp of his retentive recollection.

In my journal of the 5th of November, 1840, I find among other memoranda, some interesting forensic recollections of O'Connell. Hedges Eyre, of Orange notoriety, had invariably engaged O'Connell as his counsel. On one occasion a brother Orangeman severely censured Hedges Eyre for employing the Catholic leader. "You've got seven counsel without him," quoth this sage adviser, "and why should you give your money to that Papist rascal?"

Hedges did not make any immediate reply; but they both remained in court, watching the progress of the trial. The counsel on the opposite side pressed a point for nonsuit, and carried the judge (Johnson) along with them. O'Connell remonstrated against the nonsuit, protesting against so great an injustice. The judge seemed obdurate. "Well, *hear* me, at all events!" said O'Connell. "No, I won't!" replied the judge; "I've already heard the leading counsel." "But *I* am conducting counsel, my lord," rejoined O'Connell, "and more intimately aware of the details of the case than my brethren. I entreat, therefore, you will hear me." The judge ungraciously consented; and in five minutes O'Connell had argued him out of the nonsuit. "*Now*," said Hedges-Eyre, in triumph, to his Orange confrere, "*now* do you see why I gave my money to that Papist rascal?"

O'Connell amused us with the story of a physician, who was detained for many days at the Limerick assizes, to which he had been subpœnaed as a witness. He pressed the judge to order him his expenses. "On what plea do you claim your expenses?" demanded the judge. "On the plea of my heavy personal loss and inconvenience, my lord," replied the simple applicant; "I have been kept away from my patients these five days; and, if I am kept here much longer, *how do I know but they'll get well?*"

He told us he had vainly tried for several years to get a post-office established at Cahirciveen; until, by good fortune, he gained a lawsuit, in 1809, for Edward Lees, the secretary to the General Post-office; and Lees, in the fervor of his gratitude, procured the establishment of the Cahirciveen post.

He spoke of certain oddities in the legal profession; "amongst whom," said he, "Crosbie Morgan, the attorney, was the most eccentric. He, probably, made more money and spent more money than any other attorney of his time. He had eleven clerks in his office, and every clerk was an attorney! Great as were his gains, his expenditure was greater. Whenever he travelled to Dublin, he used to engage all the post-chaises at every inn where he slept along the road, and if he found any gentlemen of his acquaintance going to Dublin, he invariably gave them seats gratis! His own personal suit always filled two or three of the carriages."

"What a general reputation for dishonesty the attorney profession has got," observed a lady.

"A very unjust one," returned O'Connell. "Attorneys are neither better nor worse than other men. If a man who is a rogue, happens to be also an attorney, it is true that the nature of his profession affords him facilities for committing injustice, just because it mixes him up in the affairs of other people. Attorneys are often obliged to do harsh things, too, in pursuit of the undeniable rights of their clients; and the profession has become involved in the odium of the harshness."

Nov. 10th.—A capital day's hunting on the mountains. O'Connell detailed the exploits of his dogs with infinite glee after dinner. Although at this time he totally abstained from wine himself, yet he hospitably pressed its circulation among all who chose to drink. A party to the islands of Scariff was proposed for the following day, and some ancient tombs in the islands were named as being worth a visit. O'Connell mentioned that in Cromwell's time, a friar was murdered for saying mass at Scariff by some of the soldiers of the Protector's army. A sword-cut severed the top of the skull, and the piece has been ever since preserved in the O'Connell family.

The fate of the poor friary led us to speak of the penal laws, respecting the operation of which O'Connell detailed some very curious anecdotes. I mentioned an instance illustrative of the effect of those laws in inducing hypocritical conformity to Protestantism. A Mr. Jervois, a Catholic proprietor of land, was threatened with a "bill of discovery." In order to save his estate, he immediately resolved to turn Protestant. Proceeding to the Protestant parish church to read his recantation, he fell, and broke his collar-bone against a tombstone. The misfortune appeared to him ominous, and determined him from renouncing the Catholic religion; but although he shrank from the spiritual risk of such a step himself, he made his eldest son abjure Popery, and thus tried to preserve the estate in his family.

"The records of those times," said O'Connell, "have a painful interest. In Kerry, there was old James B——, of W——ville, who had been bred a Catholic, and became a Protestant and a parson, from the inducements held out at the period. When asking two of his Catholic parishioners for tithe, they said, 'do not be so hard on us, your reverence.' He answered involuntarily, '*It is a great deal harder upon me,*' and very likely he was right. To another parishioner he said, 'My tomb will probably be the only Protestant tomb in the churchyard. I have but one favor to ask, and it is this—When I am dead, never say, 'That is the *minister's* tomb;' only say, 'That is Mr. B——'s tomb.'

"The temptation to apostatize," continued O'Connell, "was strong, and alas! was too frequently yielded to. There was a Mr. Myers, of the county Roscommon, who was threatened that a bill of discovery should be filed against him. He instantly galloped off to Dublin in a terrible fright, and sought out the Protestant archbishop. The archbishop, on learning that his visitor's object was to turn Protestant, examined him upon the points of difference between the two churches, and found that he knew nothing at all about the matter. He accordingly said that he could not receive him into the Anglican Church, unless he should get some previous instruction; and politely offered to commit him to the care of the Rector of Castlerea, who chanced to be in Dublin at the time. This proposal delighted Mr. Myers, for the rector had long been a hunting and drinking companion of his own in the country. With the rector, therefore, the pious convert arranged to dine every day until the ensuing Sunday; upon which day, as time ran short, it was absolutely necessary that the recantation should be publicly made. Myers and the rector had a jovial booze—six bottles each at the least; and their jollification was repeated every day until Sunday; when the archbishop, on receiving an assurance from the jovial rector, that Myers was *au fait* at the theology of the case, permitted him to make his solemn, public abjuration of the errors of Popery, and to receive the Protestant sacrament. In order to celebrate the happy event, the prelate invited Myers, and several zealous Protestant friends, to dinner. When the cloth was removed, his Grace thus addressed the convert—'Mr. Myers, you have this day been received into the true Protestant Church, and renounced the corruptions of Popery. For this you should thank God with all your heart! I learn, with great pleasure, from our worthy friend, the Rector of Castlerea, that you have acquired an excellent knowledge, in a very short time, of the basis of the Protestant religion. Will you be so kind as to state, for the edification of the company, the *grounds* upon which you have cast aside Popery, and embraced the Church of England?'—'Faith, my lord,' replied Myers, 'I can asily do that! The *grounds* of my conversion to the Protestant religion, are two thousand five hundred acres of the best *grounds* in the county of Roscommon!'"

The literary organ of the Dublin University boasted some time since of the number of the Irish gentry who had embraced the Reformation. The triumphs in question were achieved by the instrumentality of the penal code; but surely it is strange to hear such spiritual influences vaunted in a modern publication!

"Under these iniquitous laws," said O'Connell, "it was not sufficient that a man born of Catholic parents should merely *profess* Protestantism; it was also necessary that the convert should go through the legal forms of abjuring Popery, and receiving the sacrament during service in some Protestant church. I heard of a very curious case, in which the son of Catholic parents, early in the last century, entered Dublin College, professing to be a Protestant. His talents in due time procured for him a fellowship, from which he retired upon a rich College living. He amassed great wealth, bought an estate, and left it at his death to his son; when, behold! a bill of discovery was filed against the son, as inheriting from a man *who in the eye of the law had been a Papist;* inasmuch as he never had made a formal, public, *legal* abjuration of Popery. So that the Anglican Parson—the F. T. C. D.—the rector of a college living, who had been in Anglican orders for thirty or forty years of his life—this man, notwithstanding all his Protestantism, was *legally* a Papist; because he had omitted the performance of some legal formula!

"It often happened, too, that points of objection to the legal Protestantism of apostates, were raised by reason of inaccuracy in the certificate of the apostate's abjuration. These certificates often bore that the conforming party '*had received the sacrament* DURING *divine service;*' whereas the sacrament in the Anglican church is administered, not *during* service, but *after* it. There were frequently needy or dishonest persons to watch for, and pounce upon, flaws of this sort."

"It is wonderful," observed a priest, "that there were any Catholic estates left in possession of their rightful owners."

"There would not have been any," said O'Connell, "only that individual Protestants were found a great deal honester than the laws. The Freeman family, of Castlecor, were trustees for a large number of Catholic gentlemen in the county of Cork. In Kerry there was a Protestant, named Hugh Falvey, who acted as trustee for many Catholic proprietors there. In Dublin, there was a poor Protestant, in very humble circumstances, who was trustee for several Catholic gentlemen, and discharged his trust with perfect integrity."

O'Connell had an estate called Glancara, situated near the Lake of Cahara, which had been in his family from a period prior to the penal laws. I expressed some surprise that Glancara had escaped confiscation.

"Oh!" said he, "they did not find it out; it is hidden among wild mountains in a very remote situation, which was wholly inaccessible in those days from the want of roads—and thus it escaped their clutches."

O'Connell once said to me,—

"If ever I took a title, it would be Earl of Glancara."

(To be continued.)

GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

Many of our readers may remember the Rev. Mr. Kelso, an Ohio preacher and Know-Nothing, who by his romance entitled "Danger in the Dark," inaugurated the campaign of literary fiction, which, during the late anti-Catholic excitment formed no inconsiderable part of the malignant war waged by press and pulpit against our Holy Religion. "Danger in the Dark" was soon succeeded by the "Jesuits in our Homes" the novels of the ex-Rev. Mr. Lester, Miss Bunkley's Captivity and its variations, and many others, written by men and women, in which filthy language and filthier insinuations were made to minister to the curiosity of depraved readers. Mr. Kelso's book we have never read; but as it was the model of the rest, we may well suppose that it lacked none of those attractions which recommended its successors. This much is certain: its staple was the immorality and crimes of Catholic Bishops, Priests, and Religious in the United States, and the venerable Archbishop of Cincinnati was introduced by name amongst its villanous heroes. God's providence, however, soon punished the wanton falsehoods of this calumniator, by manifesting publicly before men his true character. Scarcely had a few months elapsed, when the self-constituted champion of woman's chastity against the fabled snares of a licentious priesthood, stood convicted of seduction and adultery, and only by an ignominious flight escaped the just punishment of perpetual bondage in a Penitentiary. A new and striking example, added to the many already existing which have concurred to form for Catholics a standing principle based on induction, in virtue of which they may safely affirm that every man who stands up prominently to attack their religion *on this score*, gives *prima facie* evidence of being a profligate in disguise!

"Danger in the Dark" pleased the perverted taste of some bigots so well that they had it dramatized, in order that morbid imaginations might enjoy its scandalous scenes the more, seeing them in life-like reality on the stage. It was designed only, it seems, for a private circle; nor do we believe that it was acted more than once. But what is undeniable is, that a Mr. Kelso, the parson's brother, a layman, who personated Archbishop Purcell in the play, has ever since lost the use of his right arm. The arm that he then raised, pretending, in mockery of Catholic usage, to give the archiepiscopal blessing, has been ever since numb and lifeless from a paralytic stroke. This fact is vouched for by the Cincinnati *Wahrhets Freund*, and the Cincinnati correspondent of the N. Y. TABLET. To the sceptic, this may appear a mere coincidence, a purely casual juxtaposition of unconnected events; but to any honest believer in God's providence, it will have very much the appearance of one more of the many cases in which God seems to give a practical sanction to his precept "Nolite tangere Christos meos."—*Catholic Miscellany.*

A VOLCANO IN SOUTH AMERICA.—The distances at which the thunder of this eruption was heard would appear quite incredible were not the fact confirmed by so many still living witnesses. In the capital of Guatemala, 240 miles in a straight line from Cosiguina, the concussion of the air was such as to make the windows shake at every detonation; and in the British colony of Belize, 300 miles off, the supposed artillery was loud enough to induce the English governor to order out the garrison. He imagined that there was a seafight going on in the neighborhood, as the atmosphere was too clear for him to attribute the sound to thunder. In the opposite direction, the circle of detonations stated to have extended southwards to New Granada and Quito, close to the equator, and part of the ejected matter was still more widely diffused. Not only in all parts of Central America, but even in the highlands of Mexico, in Vera Cruz, Cuba, and Jamaica, ashes were seen to fall from the sky, and the astonished people could not for a long time discover the cause of the puzzling phenomenon.—*Travels in Central America.*

THE INDIAN PEACH.—The Mobile *Mercury* says that the Indian peach originated in Bibb County, in the lower end of Cahaba Valley. In 1816 the settlers in that neighborhood found it growing luxuriantly at an Indian town on Wahan's Creek, one of the tributaries of the Cahaba River. From that point it has been disseminated throughout the South.

TRENTON FALLS.—The water-falls of New York are among those of its natural curiosities which distinguish it from all the other States of our Union. Besides *the* cataract of Niagara, there are falls in the Genesee River at Rochester, and at Portage, which are much visited by travellers; and in the West Canada Creek, eleven miles northwest of Utica, which are noted as a place of summer resort. Trenton Falls is the name of a small village containing one of the best hotels in the State, which is well filled during the warm season with health and pleasure seekers. Though not a a pretentious place, the scenery around is remarkably interesting and romantic. There are six falls within a course of two miles, with an aggregate descent of three hundred and twelve feet. The creek flows through a narrow ravine, between perpendicular walls of fine compact limestone, which, in some places, are nearly one hundred and fifty feet high. These cascades are more remarkable for the wildness and variety of scenery than for the volume of water which they present. The height of the principal fall is estimated at one hundred feet. The line of the Utica and Black River Railroad passes near the village. Among the "adventures" which are of daily occurrence at places where fashionable ladies and gentlemen congregate with the expectation of being and doing the exquisite in the matter of politeness, the following account of a recent "happenstance" at Trenton Falls, communicated by the correspondent of the New York *News*, will do to put on record: "For nearly a quarter of a mile the footpath is upon the wall of the rock, high above the river, and for a considerable distance is not more than a *foot in width.* Just at this narrow pass, as I turned a projecting rock, a party of four young ladies came sailing down in full front view. They were fashionably dressed, and, I may say, *expansively* (spell the last word with an *a*)—and pretty, of course. What the deuce was to be done? When you are in doubt about an egg throw it away—but it is not so easy to dispose of your carcass in every tight place you happen to get. Somebody must turn back, and as I had travelled nearly the whole path, I put my wits to work for an expedient. There is inspiration in a pretty foot—a thought had struck me, and no sooner thought than done, *down* went 'Excelsior,' flat as a groundling, lengthwise in the path; and one by one the fair damsels walked over dry shod. Don't ask me to describe my 'feelings' while undergoing the process. I held my breath and *went it blind*—but I'll bet my head that *one pair* of those feet has left *impressions that will take something besides the washerwoman to eradicate.*"

WHY MOUNTAINS ARE COLD.—It is a curious scientific fact that the atoms of air, as we ascend, are at greater distances from each other. If the distance between any two atoms is diminished, they give out heat, or render it sensible; whereas, if the distance between them be increased, they store it away. The upper strata are sensibly colder than the lower, not because the atoms have less heat, but because the heat is diffused through a larger space when the atoms are farther apart. One pound of air at the level of the sea, within the tropics, may be said to contain no more heat than the same weight at the top of the highest mountain, perpetually covered with snow. It is for this reason that the same wind which is warm in the valley, becomes colder as it ascends the sides of the mountains. The diminishing pressure allows the air to expand and store away its heat. It is, therefore, not the snow on the top of the mountains which cools the air, but it is the rarity of the air which keeps the snow itself from melting. As a general law, the decrease of temperature amounts to one degree Fahrenheit for every three hundred feet in perpendicular height.

A PERFECT OUTRAGE.—The State officers have, within the past year, sold several of the most beautiful islands on Lake George. They have been remonstrated with, and entreated not to do so, but remonstrance and entreaty have failed, and the only resort left is an appeal to the public; and we trust that every editor in the State will echo the sentiments of the community at large, in denouncing such sacrilege. The excuse that the purchasers are restricted from cutting the timber amounts to nothing, for we venture the prediction that in five years from now the islands will be completely stripped of all that renders them attractive. Long Island, Dome Island, (the most beautiful of the 365,) and Clay Island, were all sold for $200. A gentleman residing on the shore of the Lake told us that he would give the purchaser of Dome Island $500 for his bargain. If the sacrifice *must* be made—if this Lake, the most beautiful in America, must be robbed of its chief attraction, let the work of devastation be committed to the "highest bidder."—*Sandy Hill Herald.*

On Sunday, August 9th, Mr. James Foyles, who resides a few miles from Monticello, Minnesota, was accidentally shot dead by his own hands. He had been out hunting during the day, and had just returned home with a deer which he had killed, and while standing on the back end of the wagon, the horse started, and he, in trying to recover his balance, reached forward and grasped his gun by the muzzle, and pulled it toward him, and in doing this the hammer caught on something, and before it was drawn far enough back to cock, it slipped off, and the gun was discharged, the contents entering the heart. He exclaimed "O! God," and instantly expired.

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

Spurgeonism is spreading; it has already appeared in Belfast. Upon last Sunday, three Ministers of the Established Church, marching down the quays of that town, took up their position at stated intervals from each other, and commenced preaching to the mob which, attracted by the placards setting forth the intention of those Divines, had collected on the spot. Each of those pious rowdies had, of course, a chapel of his own wherein to discourse to his proper congregation of admirers; but this was not enough, and their vanity demanded a wider area for the exhibition of their magnificent talents and holy duties. The three heroes forthwith commenced to read the Protestant [service, one on the Custom House steps, the other amid the bales and barrels in the neighborhood. They were attended by a phalanx of pious pretorians, who distributed tracts to the mob; the design of these open-air meetings being, of course, to come at the Catholics; and a strong body of constabulary were also present, to prevent the exhortations being interfered with by such demonstrations of popular dissent as are usually accompanied with brickbats. Presently, and in the thick of their precautions, a row did take ploce: in consequence, it would seem, of some Catholic in the crowd having expressed his opinion on the subject of the tracts. Being wounded in the *melee* which ensued, he attempted to charge the aggressor, but the police refused to accept the charge. Attention cannot be too soon or too earnestly called to this state of things, which would not be for a moment endured in any other town in Ireland. Protestant Ministers should be made to understand the limits of their avocations; and the constabulary *their* supporters, forced to perform their duties of preserving the public peace. Belfast is no longer the Orange fortress of the North—a third of its population being now Catholic; and if the citizens cannot prevent such crack-brained enthusiasts as those Street-Preachers of the Establishment from breaking the Sabbath by a personal exhibition of their united folly and rancor, they should, at least as tax-payers, make the police perform the duties for which they are paid, in the event of any disturbance taking place. If the Protestant Ministers cannot be satisfied with the weekly exhibitions they make of themselves before their own congregations, and require a police force to protect them, it would be well if Catholics absented themselves from such mob meetings as are announced by placard, and left them to distribute their tracts and preach to the green-coated functionaries, who will, no doubt, constitute their most fitting audience.—*Nation.*

The Catholics of Belfast, we are happy to find, have determined to aid themselves—an admirable determination, worthy of all imitation. They have held a public meeting for the purpose of organizing a general armament of their body for the protection and safety of their lives and properties. A two-fold good will result from this—firstly, the government will protect those whom it sees prepared and determined to protect themselves; and socondly, lawlessness will be taught propriety through its most teachable medium—its cowardice.—*Midland Counties Gazette.*

So many weavers, both of cotton and linen fabrics, have been tempted by high wages to abandon, for the present, the loom for the sickle, that Belfast manufacturers have been obliged, in several instances, to curtail their make. One house in the muslin line could only find looms for about twenty "chains" last week, instead of their usual issue of five times the number.

Cavan.

At Arva Petty Sessions, an investigation was held before Captain Phillips, J. P., W. M. Hickson, R. M., and Thomas Dennehy, Esq., R. M., with respect to an Orangé procession, which took place in that town and neighborhood on Monday, the 13th of July last. Mr. Geale, Crown Solicitor, appeared by order of the Attorney General, to have informations taken against the Orangemen for a violation of the Illegal Procession Act. Messrs. Cochrane and Knipe appeared for the Orangemen. Mr. Stritch as counsel, with Mr. Charters, appeared for the Catholics. There were several cross-cases between the Orangemen and Catholics of one locality—the Orangemen accusing the Catholics of riot—and the Catholics complaining that the Orangemen had first assaulted them, and then fired several times on them with pistols, loaded with ball. After some discussion the cases were postponed for one month; Mr. Geale undertaking to submit the application made to the Attorney Gener .

Cork.

Henry Hunter, who, it may be recollected, was sentenced at the Summer Assizes of 1855, to imprisonment for two years and a half, for two robberies committed on the Cork Post-office, while in the situation of assistant postmaster, was discharged on a medical certificate. His term of imprisonment extended to the 26th of January next, but, having been attacked with paralysis on Saturday week, his wife sent up a memorial to the Castle, accompanied with a medical certificate from the jail physician that his life was in danger, and an order was received by Mr. Murphy, the Governor, for his release. He had been subject to attacks of some inward complaint during the greater part of his imprisonment, and spent most of his time in hospital in consequence. All persons visiting him were also obliged to be searched. He left the city jail in a car, accompanied by his wife, who went to meet him. He was quite lame when leaving, from the effect of the attack of paralysis.—*Examiner.*

Mr. John Besnard, Jun., was passing through Market street, when he saw a boy named Cornelius Murphy, an old and practised pickpocket, put his hand into a lady's pocket. The lady felt him doing so, and made a grasp at him, but he ran off. Mr. Besnard, however, determined that he should not escape, ran after him, and succeeded in catching him after a smart run. Their being no policeman in sight, he collared the delinquent himself, and was taking him along towards the police-office, when a fellow named Lynch, also a member of the light-fingered profession, came up, and hailing Murphy as an acquaintance, endeavored to rescue him, but he only shared the same fate, as Mr. Besnard collared him also, and took the pair along until he met a sub-constable in Castle street, into whose charge he gave them. They were taken before Mr. Michael M'Namara who ordered informations against them.

A very handsome light ship was launched from the dockyard of Mr. Wheeler, on the Lower Glanmire road, being the second of the kind built by him. The length over all is 82 feet, breadth of beam 21 feet, and depth 10 feet 6 inches, and her tonnage is about 162 tons O. M. She is finished in the best style all through, and on a beautiful model. The Ballast Office Corporation, Dublin, are the parties by whom she was ordered, and she will be placed on the Blackwater bank, near Wexford. She reflects very high credit on the gentleman by whom she has been built, and will well sustain the name which Cork is now obtaining among the ship building [ports. A considerable crowd was collected on the New wall to witness the launch, and cheered loudly as the vessel went off gracefully into the water.

The estates of Mr. Vincent Scully, whose unfortunate connection with the Tipperary Bank has involved him in a sea of litigation, are to be sold in the Incumbered Estates Court in November next. The property lies in the counties of Cork and Tipperary, and comprises in the gross 3,166 acres, yielding a nett rent of £2,100 a year. Mr. Scully's position as regards his relations with the broken bank is one of peculiar hardship, and fully entitles the late member for Cork to the sympathy which his case has excited among all classes.

An inquest was held by Mr. Limrick, Coroner, at Dunmanway, on the 17th ult., on the body of Ellen Donovan. It appeared from the evidence that deceased left her home at about six o'clock on the morning of the 12th, to go to the fair of Enniskean, a distance of about ten miles, and that on returning in the evening through the town of Dunmanway she was taken ill in the street and almost immediately expired. Verdict—Died by the visitation of God.

An inquest was also held by Mr. Limrick at Glengarriffe, on the 21st ult., on the body of John Green, who was found drowned at Tracashel strand on the 14th ult. It is supposed that deceased (whilst picking shell fish on the rocks) fell into the sea, as when his body was found the clothes were on. Verdict—Found drowned.

On Tuesday evening, the estimable and revered pastor, the Rev. J. M'Carthy, P.P., of Mallow, was entertained at a public dinner, by his parishioners, on the occasion of his return from the Continent.

Donegal.

This day (August 24) all the constabulary of Letterkenny are gone to collect the sheep tax to be levied off the districts, on which the grand jury have assessed it. The constabulary from the neighboring towns are called out to assist. Who would not think from the number of police passing through this town to-day, that they were going to attack some stronghold of a powerful enemy, and not to aid in the collection of this tax from the peasantry, who cling to their little all with great tenacity. Only the men of these unfortunate districts are gone to Scotch and English harvests to earn a pittance for the support of their families, there would, I think, be bad work, as their patience of suffering might not longer remain in check. This visit of the police was not expected, as the people were under the impression that the cess would not be called upon till Christmas. The police did not say where they were going. God look to the poor peasants! —*Ulsterman.*

Dublin.

The council of the Ossianic Society met at No. 9 Anglesea street to elect members and transact general business, John T. Rowland, Esq., in the chair. After the minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed, several ladies and gentlemen were elected members of the society. A letter was received from Captain Patrick O'Murphy, honorary corresponding secretary and treasurer to the Philadelphia Ossianic Society, enclosing a bill of exchange for £14 5s., being the subscriptions of the members in Philadelphia for copies of the third volume of the society's Transactions, a copy of which was laid on the table before the meeting. The auditor's report of the society's income and expenditure for the years 1853 and 1854 was laid on the table, and showed a balance of £8 7s. 10d. in the treasurer's hands in favor of the society. The following presentations were received, and thanks voted to the donors: By the Kilkenny and Southeast of Ireland Archæological Society, Nos. 7, 8 and 9, of its Bimonthly Journal; by the Suffolk Institute of Archæology, No. 6 of its Proceedings; by the Buckingham Archæological Society, its Records; by the Cambridge Antiquarian Society, its Report, No. 7; by the Society of Antiquarians of London, its Proceedings, Nos. 43, 44, 45 and 46; by the Cambrian Institute, the Cambrian Journal, Nos. 13 and 14; by the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, its Proceedings, No. 4. The meeting then adjourned.

James Spollen has been re-arrested, and committed for the robbery of Mr. Little's office. It is supposed the crown has possession of some evidence in addition to that brought forward on his trial for murder, but they have not yet made it public. There is not the slightest doubt that both these crimes were committed by the same person, the evidence that will prove one offence will prove both, and therefore, if the Crown lawyers are now in condition to prosecute successfully on the charge of robbery, it is quite clear that they have shamefully mismanaged the case from the first.

While three young men, named William Hogan, Thomas Pallas, and Robert Duffy, were amusing themselves on the City quay, by wrestling, the whole three fell into the river, which was full in at the time. Hogan sank and never rose. His body was taken out of the water in about a quarter of an hour afterwards, but life was found to be quite extinct. The other two men were rescued by some persons on the quay. The deceased bore a very high character, and there is no doubt whatever of his death being purely accidental.

Sunday, the 23rd ult., being the "Walking Sunday" of Donnybrook Fair, a large crowd of pedestrians and persons on outside cars visited Donnybrook for the purpose of gratifying their curiosity. Five or six tents were erected in a field to the rere of Mr. Dillon's house, in which some people commenced dancing after two o'clock. The people were most peaceable, and in the crowds not a drunken person was to be seen.

Kerry.

Mr. Smith O'Brien having passed some days at Gronagh with Mr. Shine Lawlor, and having visited the beauties of Killarney—where he was received with the marked attention and respect of the resident gentry—proceeded, accompanied by his eldest son and Mr. S. Lawlor, to Milltown, where he was the guest of that patriotic priest, Father Batt O'Connor. In the course of the day, Mr. S. O'Brien ascended Cahirconreigh mountain, and in the evening he was regaled by the music of the pipes, and a festive dance by the villagers. On the next day, Mr. O'Brien had the privilege of breakfasting with the excellent Sisters of the Presentation, who have done in Milltown, as elsewhere, so much for the education of the children of the poor. Having called at Kilcoleman, to return the civilities of its worthy and popular proprietor, Sir William Godfrey, and visited the interesting remains of its ancient monastery, *Sancta Maria de Beau Lieu*, he continued his journey to the wilds of Kenmare, and availed himself of the hospitality of the new hosteltree, the "Glencar Hotel" for that night. It is impossible to exceed the beauty of this place. The lonely grandeur of the mountans by which it is surrounded and the smiling verdure of the young woods, that in some places retain the rocky sternness of the hills, and then the dark waters that gurgle through the picturesque defile in their passage to Carragh Lake, present a combination of natural loveliness that even famed Killarney itself cannot surpass. Mr. O'Brien left this charming spot, full of admiration of its beauty and satisfaction with his enterprising entertainers—and continued his tour down that enchanting lake and around to the "rocky frontlet" of Valencia—everywhere greeted by the hearty congratulation and warm sympathies of all classes of the people.—*Tralee Chronicle.*

Kilkenny.

A troop of the 16th Lancers, a fine corps, left our city on Tuesday, and the remainder of the regiment, with the exception of the dismounted men, will leave this day (Wednesday). The headquarters are removed to a mile or two outside Edinburgh. On the departure of the dismounted men of the regiment, which will be in a day or two, our fine barracks will be completely deserted, and with little hope of being soon occupied again. The recruiting in our city is carried on with but little success. A new recruiting party has arrived here, consisting of a sergeant and two men, belonging to the 87th Foot, and since their arrival have succeeded in obtaining a solitary volunteer. Until the harvest is over, they will meet with small success, especially while labor is in such high demand, and wages so good. An order has been issued to all the recruiting parties in our city, allowing them to enlist militiamen, if they obtain an order from their commanding officer, allowing them to join the line.—*Journal.*

In the House of Commons Mr. Sullivan asked the Chief Secretary for Ireland, whether it was the intention of the government to appoint a stipendiary magistrate to the district of Kilkenny, in the room of Mr. T. Green, who had been physically unable for many months to attend his magisterial duties. Mr. H. Herbert said, as there was no actual vacancy, it was impossible to say whether the government would make an appointment immediately. Still he might say that a statement that Mr. Green was not able to attend to his magisterial duties had been brought under the notice of the government, and was under consideration, and, if his absence was likely to be permanent, steps would be taken to make a change in the appointment.

Patrick Carroll, a farmer residing at Coon, near Castlecomer, proceeded to turn his bull and some cows from the yard, where they had sought shade from the heat, and having no stick or weapon of any kind, the bull suddenly turned on him, knocked him down, and gored and bruised him in such a manner that he expired shortly after in the greatest agony. This bull had been for some time the terror of the neighborhood, but unfortunate Carroll, being accustomed to attend the animal himself, apprehended no personal danger.

Mayo.

On Sunday night, 23d ult., this locality was visited with an unusually severe thunder storm; at about ten, P.M., rain fell in torrents, and at one o'clock, A.M., the very heavens seemed in one blaze of fire, the vivid lightning flashing with ghastly glare, followed by peals of thunder in rapid succession, which continued up to three o'clock. The quantity of rain which fell was very considerable, the grain crops being levelled to the ground, and the highways and streets flooded to a greater extent than we have witnessed for many years.

During the past week each day successively several hundred of the tenants from the several parishes over which the Enniscoe estate extends attended in Enniscoe to reap the harvest for M. Pratt, Esq., their landlord, which, very fortunately, was perfectly ripe and a most luxuriant one, acknowledged by the reapers to be as good as ever a sickle was put into. They were regaled every day with plenty of bread, porter, and ale.

Tipperary.

The tenants of William Despard, Esq., of Killaghey Castle, who were joined by the employees at the Victoria Mines slate quarries, Tipperary, joined in a body and proceeded to the lands of Killaghey, and cut down several large fields of corn belonging to that gentleman. These grateful people were afterwards regaled in abundant style by their hospitable landlord.

Westmeath.

A correspondent writing from Kilbeggan informs us of a most terrific thunder storm, which, on the night of Sunday, 23d ult., passed over that neighborhood from south to north. It tore up trees and fences, and in an area of three square miles destroyed nineteen head of cattle. It lasted for more than two hours, causing consternation and dismay along its course.

THE INDIAN NEMESIS.

There is news from India this week to make the heart of England quail; news, dark and terrible beyond all its gloomiest fears. Victory is with the Indian standard; death and dismay in the ranks of the British. "Unmerciful disaster follows fast and follows faster;" India is a sea of fire.

A cry of agony and dismay bursts from England as the tale is told; a cry from the stricken mortality of the vaunted invulnerable. Fain would pride stifle it, and act the strength and invincibility passed away for ever; all England with blanched cheek and fear big at heart goes about, whispering with white lips—"there is no fear—there is no fear."

From the beginning to end the news is a catalogue of disaster; British armies are ca-

pitulating, British Generals slain, or taken prisoners; disease—or suicide, so common of late with the British Generals—sweeps off those whom the Sepoy has not slain; battalion after battalion revolts; province after province leaps madly to its feet and joins in the fearful excesses of a terrible retribution.

Shall we have more of the falsehood and delusion of the past two months? Dare the truth be met even now? A month ago we were assured that the worst was past; dupes were led to count the hours to the next mail, for the fall of Delhi. While the ghastly corpse of Barnard was being hurried into earth, outside the walls of the unconquered city, Englishmen were vieing with each other in urging him to slay and spare not within the captured stronghold. While it was being satisfactorily proved that Lawrence would carry all before him in Oude, Lawrence fell, amidst his routed soldiery, cloven by the sword of a victorious Sepoy. In him fell, confessedly, the only able British General in India. Whether Barnard succumbed to disease, rendered mortal by terror, or resigned his charge after the fashion of General Stalker, matters very little; the British troops in India are now little better than a scattered rabble; crowding for mere defence in knots and detachments, wherever the mercy of a fortress or stockade gives them safety for a day; or flying like hunted deer before the fiend-like vengeance of the infuriated Bengalese. Here and there a British brigade marching purposeless, it scarcely knows whither, falls in with some native regiment on its way to the sacred city, or sent as a lure to decoy or distract the English; there is a fierce skirmish, and the Sepoy troops pursue their way, and the British console their sinking hearts by accepting it as a "victory."

In truth the position of these unfortunate bands is enough to crave pity for them, could we forget that they are foreigners fighting for mere dominion, while the Sepoy stands upon his own soil and rises to the holy warcry of "our own again." Marauders and invaders sometimes fall victim to their lawless ambition, and the tide of conquest and aggrandizement rolls back to engulph them. Yet alas for those fugitive bands; for them the tortures of the Kittee have whetted the sword! Alas for the mother and the maid; for them the lust of British officers—the degredation of Hindoo maidens—have banished the human and implanted the demon in the dusky forms that cover the plains, yelling for vengeance. The pent up wrath of centuries; the treasured wrongs of generations; each brutul insult; each keen humiliation; each word or look of scorn that passed unresented at the moment, yet eats its way into the conquered Indian's heart, now maddens—fires—the brain; blood—rivers of Feringhi blood—alone can wipe out the dread account. Who may picture the feelings of the natives as they see the haughty foreigners who, but yesterday, merciless in their might, trod the earth like gods, now panic-stricken, flying all over the country, helpless and terrified as sheep, or vainly begging mercy from the all-terrible Hindoo. It is at least one hour of supremacy for them out of years of galling subjection; at least one hour of ignominious humiliation out of a century of British conquest and aggression. It will be chanted in Hindostanee ballads; it will be exultingly handed down from father to son; it will be chronicled as an hour of glory which those who beheld were blest; and, let the issue of this revolt be what it may, "British invincibility" is gone for ever, British dominion in the East is doomed. On all sides fortune favors the arm of his Majesty the King of Delhi; General Monsoon has arrived outside the walls, where two thousand doomed men are entrenched—no longer the seigers, but the besieged. Sir Hugh Wheeler, and his force, had to surrender; and, it is said, were cut to pieces. The Gwalior contingent—that splendid army—"our sole stay in Northern India"—has marched in full force upon Indore, which is within less than a hundred miles of the Bombay frontier. No longer is the revolution confined to the Presidency of Bengal; it bursts forth in the Punjaub, at Hyderabad, and at Agra, where the British were defeated with great loss. By the next mail we may hear of Bombay having declared. The "dazzling structure" is a wreck.—*Nation.*

Recruiting.—Clean-shaven, smart-looking fellows in bright red coats, with bunches of gay ribbons in their hats, with a power of blarney on their tongues, and a few shillings in their narrow pockets, are going about the country seeking whom they may enlist. It is for the line, be it remarked, they want soldiers, not for the militia. Were active young Irishmen wanted for the latter force, we should find it hard to object to their taking service for a limited time. The Sepoys have shown that a force trained, and drilled, and armed by a foreign power, may one day use their knowledge and their arms to win the freedom of their native land; but the demand now is for Irishmen to walk into the jaws of death in India. Our "boys," we are glad to say, perceive the difference, and so the recruiting sergeant smiles and winks, and even drinks in vain. Work and wages are to be had in Ireland for the asking; and as for the glory of England, let Englishmen take care of that. Paddy knows that while away in India, spilling his blood, and, perhaps laying down his life for England, his aged parents may be crowbarred out of the spot of land which he and they improved until it appeared fit to be seized again and set at a higher rent, or turned into pasturage; he knows that his brother, sister, or other relative, toiling no matter how long in England, will, if unfortunately obliged to ask for a day's relief, be spurned from her shorses like a nuisance, and pitched out at the first Irish port to starve, or creep into the next workhouse, and he cannot see why he should rush to fight the battles of this insolent nation. Nor can we.—*Ibid.*

ENGLAND.

The Reward of an Old Sailor.—Thomas Grant, a veteran sailor, aged 101 years, appeared before the Chelsea Board of Guardians. From the centenarian's statement, he was born at Maidstone, on the 1st of January, 1757. He married in 1780, but his honeymoon was a luckless one, for on the very day on which he had taken a wife he was met by the press-gang on Tower hill, and was at once kidnapped and taken on board the London, and proceeded to sea. After being in several engagements, the London was ordered home, and Tom was anxious to complete the nuptial with Susan, when Paul Jone's sailing off Whitehaven deferred the consummation of their union, for the London was ordered off again in pursuit of the American pirate. In 1801 he was with Nelson hotly engaged at Copenhagen, and after this, his ship was captured by the French, and Tom spent eleven years of his chequered life in a prison near Paris. In 1813 he was on board the Shannon, and got his leg shattered by a cannon ball from the Chesapeake. Sir Charles Napier was a middy in the man-of-war in which Tom served. Although at such an extreme old age the veteran has the complete use of all his faculties, and fights his battles over again with a savageness quite refreshing. The board admitted Tom as an inmate, where he soon found another veteran man-of-war's man, William Fry, and the twain spin their yarns and grievances, without a quid of tobacco from their grateful countrymen to heal their wounds.

English Regiments in India.—6th Carbineers—Meerut. To move on Delhi. 9th Lancers—Delhi. 12th Lancers—Bungalore (Madras Presidency). 14th Light Dragoons—Two Squadrons at Aurungabad (Nizam's territorities). One Squadron, forming part of a flying brigade, to assemble at Mallgaum (Candeish, Deccan). Depot—Kirkee, near Poonah. 5th Foot—Had arrived at Calcutta, and was to move towards Benares, Allahabad, and Cawnpore. 8th Foot—Delhi. 10th Foot—Dinapore. 24th Foot,—Punjaub. 27th Enniskillings—Punjaub. 29th Foot—Burmah. Ordered up to Calcutta. 32nd Foot—Lucknow. 35th Foot,—Barrackpore, near Calcutta. 37th Foot—One wing at Benares; one at Calcutta. 43rd Light Infantry—Bangalore. 52nd Light Infantry—Punjaub. 53rd Foot—Calcutta. 60th Rifles—Delhi. 61st Foot—One wing at Ferozepore; one at Delhi. 64th Foot—Depot, Belgaum (Bombay Presidency), 500 men at Allahabad. 70th Foot—Punjaub. 75th Foot—Delhi. 78th Highlanders—Depot, Poonah. One wing at Benares; one at Calcutta. 81st Foot—Lahore. 83rd Foot—Depot, Deesa. 500 men on the march to overawe the Mewah territory. 84th Foot—Allahabad. 86th—One wing at Poonah; one with the 14th Light Dragoons, *en route* to Malligaum. 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers—Peshawur.

Extraordinary Escape of a Criminal Lunatic.—No little sensation has been created amongst the officials of the Bethlem Hospital, in consequence of the escape of a criminal lunatic, under circumstances that closely approximate the daring exploits of the renowned Jack Shephard. It appears that a man named Joseph King had been liberated on a ticket of leave, he having been convicted for felony. Since that he had been again apprehended for felony, tried at the Exeter Assizes in December, 1856, and sentenced to fifteen years' transportation. After being incarcerated in Millbank prison for some time he was pronounced to be insane, and was in consequence removed to Bethlem Hospital. On entering the man's dormitory, the keeper was astonished at finding that the prisoner was *non est*, and a large hole made in the wall, which, it was quite clear, had been made by the prisoner, through which he had got out. A sheet and a blanket had been tied together, and by those means he succeeded in sliding down into the street, a distance considerably over 20 feet, and then got clear off. The authorities are of opinion that it must have taken the man nearly a week to have bored the hole in the wall, and how he succeeded in accomplishing his object without observation appears a perfect miracle.

A Short Honeymoon, "Off for China."—Recently a detachment of the Royal Marines about to embark at Plymouth for China, were paid a month's wages in advance. A private named M'Koone asked permission to marry before embarking. The request was granted, and he was allowed to proceed to church. The ceremony having been concluded, the happy pair were allowed ten minutes to spend the honeymoon, at the expiration of which time he returned to the barracks, made an allotment in favor of his wife, and then embarked with the others on board the Imperador screw steamer.

Conviction of the Late Grand Master of Odd Fellows.—Charles James Cox, late Grand Master of the Order of Odd Fellows, (Manchester Unity,) was charged at Southampton with not giving up the funds committed to his charge as secretary of the order. Evidence having been taken, the magistrate declared the complaint to be proved, and ordered the defendant to pay the amount of £121 14s. 10d. to the society, or in default to be imprisoned for two calendar months with hard labor. The defendant was committed to prison.

The Schoolmaster not Abroad.—The fol'owing has been printed in large characters and liberally posted on the walls of Gloucester: "For a Few Days Only! The eminent London astronomer, Mr. ——, begs to announce that he intends to exhibit his far-famed magic mirror, wherein ladies and gentlemen, according to the position of certain heavenly bodies, may see a perfect resemblance of their future partners in life. Ladies and gentlemen, 6d. each; working classes and servants, 3d."

SCOTLAND.

Departure of Miss Smith.—Miss Smith has sought retirement elsewhere. She has gone, we believe, to the south of England for a permanent residence. Her departure was managed so quietly, that it was scarcely known till some time after she was gone. She went on board the steamer at Rosneath, and sailed up the river unnoticed, and had completed her journey before even those who were partially in the secret and on the look out were aware of her movements. The morbid curiosity which seems to influence a large section of society had latterly developed itself in an amazing quantity of letters which were poured in upon this unhappy girl—letters, we believe, of the most frivolous nature, and chiefly written with a view of securing her autograph. Amongst these epistles, she told a friend, there were ten offers of marriage! If this be true, and there seems little doubt of it, we may well blush at the moral degradation of the men who wrote them.—*Dumbarton Herald.*

Crinoline and Whale Fishing.—Last year, at Dundee, the price of whalebone ranged from £290 to £315 per ton. This year our Union Whale Fishing Company has sold one of its cargoes to arrive at £420. The Tay Whale Fishing Company has sold the cargo of the Jumna at £440; and we believe that now £500 per ton is the price asked for the two remaining vessels. We doubt not that the shareholders of our whaling companies all agree in their admiration of crinoline—enabling them, as it does, to draw money alike from the vasty deep of the Arctic Sea and from the pocket of Paterfamilias. The immediate cause of the present rise in price in understood to be a French discovery by which whalebone can be reduced to a species of fibre in which shape its usefulness is greatly increased.

Pollution of the Clyde.—Much has been lately said of the pollution of the Thames, but the river Clyde, judging from the following paragraph in the *North British Mail*, seems to equal the Thames in impurity: "Owing to the warmth of Saturday, the effluvium of the Clyde was unusually offensive, and it was, perhaps, as well in a sanitary point of view that the grounding of the Australasian prevented the steamers from plying, as their incessant paddling at low water would have raked up every species of abomination that festers in the bosom of the mephitic stream."

The University of Glasgow.—Professor Rogers, of the United States, has offered himself as a candidate for this chair, vacated by the death of Dr. Cooper. Professor Rogers has been for some time a resident in this county, superintending the publication of his important work on the geology and physical geography of the United States. Dr. Scoular, an experienced and an accomplished naturalist, is also a candidate for the chair. The presentation is in the gift of the Crown.

The Skerries.—The erection of the beacon which has been in course of construction on the Skerries of Stroma during the past two summers has now been completed. The beacon as it now stands complete consists of six strong iron columns, thoroughly joined together with tie beams or arms, and dovetailed into the solid rocks with Louis bats so securely that it is expected to stand against the strongest sea it is likely to encounter. In height it is forty-five feet, and in weight about forty-three tons.

The Races at Paisley.—A very determined movement has commenced in this town to have the races which are annually run here suppressed, owing to the disgraceful riot which occurred at the last meeting. A meeting of office-bearers connected with the several religious denominations in the town was held, when it was resolved to adopt immediate measures for obtaining the sanction of the magistrates to their suppression.

Singular Death.—The Rev. Mr. Lockhart, of the parish church, Kilmaurs, died very suddenly at his manse on Wednesday evening. A few days before, (says an Ayrshire paper,) while in the act of shaving, he slightly cut himself on the face. Some poisonous substance, supposed to have been in the soap, passed through his whole body, from the effects of which he died. We believe that his face was immensely swollen.

IRISH MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIAGES.

August 19, in St. Mark's Church, Dublin, Captain James Paget, of Knockglass, county Mayo, to Jane Caroline, daughter of Major J. Knox, of Greenwood Park, in the same county.

August 19, in St. Anne's Church, the Rev. Richard King, of Armagh, to Harriette, daughter of the Rev. Alexander George Stuart, rector of Killencool, county Louth.

August 20, at Monkstown, William Drennan Andrews, Esq., barrister-at-law, son of John Andrews, Esq., of Comber, High Sheriff of the county Down, to Ellen, daughter of John Galloway, Esq., of Clifton terrace, Monkstown.

August 25, at Monkstown Church, Edward Blackburne, Esq., barrister-at-law, son of the Right Hon. Francis Blackburne, of Rathfarnham Castle, to Georgina, daughter of the late Robert James Graves, Esq., of Cloghan Castle, in the King's County.

August 26, at Monkstown, William Roper, Esq., of Knockmaine House, in the county Roscommon, to Georgina, youngest daughter of M. Greene, Esq., of Longford terrace, Monkstown.

August 18, at Boveva, George, youngest son of the Rev. G. Scott, rector of Banagher, in the county of Londonderry, to Annie, daughter of the Rev. J. Colthurst, rector of Boveva, in the same county.

August 18, at Belmullet, the Rev. Edward Potterton, son of the late John Potterton, Esq., of Rathcormick, county Meath, to Ann Julia, daughter of Lieutenant Shairt, of the Royal Navy.

August 19, in Cork, Augustus D. Spiller, Esq., of the 56th regiment, to Esther Waring, daughter of the late William Belcher, Esq., M.D., of Bandon.

August 20, at Dunmurry, Edward Griffin, Esq., of Gilbert Canada West, to Susan, daughter of George Major, Esq., of Lisburn, county Antrim.

August 20, at Brinny, county Cork, George Beamish, Esq., of Ballymountain House, to Frances Anne, daughter of J. T. Hornibrook, Esq., of Rockforest House.

August 20, at Brinny, county Cork, George Lovell, Esq., of Kilbeg House, to Susan, daughter of the late Thomas Bullen, Esq., of Baxter's Bridge, Carhue.

August 21, at Tullylish, county Down, Henry Black, Esq., of Ballynahinch, to Jane, daughter of James H. Dickson, Esq., of Ballykelly, Banbridge.

August 24, in Limerick, Charles, son of the late W. Evans, Esq., of that city, to Sarah, daughter of the late W. Raymond, Esq.

August 25, at the private oratory, Rocklands, Wexford, by the Rev. J. T. Devereux, Henry Hodgens, Esq., son of Robert Hodgens, Esq., Beaufort, county Dublin, to Mary Christina, daughter of John Thomas Devereux, Esq., D.L., M.P., Rocklands, Wexford.

August 18, in London, Major E. M. Davenport, of the 66th regiment, to Mary Nichola, daughter of the late Henry M. Blake, Esq., of the Heath, county Mayo.

April 23, at Natal, Cape of Good Hope, Gould A. Lucas, Esq., Lieutenant in the 73d regiment, son of the Right Hon. Edward Lucas, of Castle Shane, county Monaghan, to Christabella, daughter of the late W. Allen, Esq., of Liscarroll, county Cork.

April 12, at Portland, Victoria, Monsieur Eugene M. Poisard, late of Marseilles, France, to Susan, daughter of Cuthbert Fetherstonhaugh, Esq., late of Dardistown, county Westmeath.

April 13, at Melbourne, Victoria, James Joseph, son of Matthew Prendergast, Esq., of Cloonconnor, Claremorris, county Mayo, to Mary Anne, daughter of Thos Colgan, Esq., late of Cloghen, in the King's County.

DEATHS.

August 14, in the 59th year of his age, Michael Killeen, of Dublin, and formerly of Galway, much and deservedly regretted.

August 20, at No. 2 Florinda place, after a short illness, Mr. Lawrence Hogan, sincerely and deservedly regretted.

August 21, at her residence, 28 South Frederick st., Catherine, the beloved wife of Mr. Robert Burnell.

August 21, at 15 Cook street, Dorothea, the beloved wife of Thomas Seery, Esq., aged 60 years.

August 22, much regretted, James Charles, youngest son of the late D. Clarke, Esq., of Flood street, Galway, and Larch Hill, county Galway.

August 23, at Bray, Eleanor Elizabeth, relict of the Rev. Edward Groves, Dublin.

August 22, at Newbrook, Rathfarnham, aged 80 years, John Taylor, Esq.

August 17, at Clontarf, aged 73 years, Miss Jane Cuff, sister of the late James Cuff, Esq., of Creagh, county Mayo.

August 19, at Brierfield, county Roscommon, of disease of the heart, the Rev. Louis Hawkes, rector of Portumna.

August 21, at Lisdoonvarna, John Bunton, Esq., solicitor, of Ennis.

August 22, at Halverstown, county Kildare, of decline, John Shortall Percy, son of the late Peter Purcell, Esq., aged 21 years.

August 13, in Waterford, Hugh A. Chambers, Esq., late of Strangford, county Down.

August 15, at Brickfield, in the county of Derry, Miss Eliza Boyd, sister to General Boyd, of Cheltenham.

August 17, at Kilkee, county Clare, the Rev. Irwin Turner, curate of Cappamore.

August 21, at Six-mile-bridge, county Clare, after partaking of dinner, the wife of Dr. Going. Deceased had been only three weeks married.

August 24, at Gowran, county Kilkenny, Dorothea Catherine, wife of the Rev. Alexander Staples, rector of Gowran.

August 25, at Edenderry, of consumption, Mary Keon, aged 20 years.

July 22, at Demerara, British Guiana, George Tighe, Esq., a native of Ballyshannon, county Donegal.

It is with the deepest regret that we record the death of Mr. Paul McSwiney, who died on Sunday morning, at his residence in Monkstown, of gastric fever. For many years Cork has not lost a more valuable citizen, or one who was more thoroughly identified with every useful or charitable undertaking.—*Cork Examiner.*

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

REVERSE OF FORTUNE.—After the bombardment of Mogador, in 1845, an embassy was despatched to France by the Emperor of Morocco, at the head of which was a high personage named Ben Achache. This ambassador was treated with great distinction and hospitality in France, where he accomplished his mission with perfect success. On returning to Morocco he resumed his functions of governor of Tetuan, and for two years he lived in peace and tranquillity; but at the end of that period he fell into disgrace, his property was confiscated, and himself thrown into prison. Either justly or not, his personal enemies at court represented that he was enriching himself at the expense of the Imperial treasury. Workmen were ordered to search his palace, and considerable sums of money were found secreted in the walls and under the flags of the court. The mother of the ex-ambassador was tortured in order to obtain from her an avowal of the spots where her son might have concealed further treasures, but she expired under the torture without having given any information. An old bricklayer, suspected of having assisted in the concealment of the money, was likewise tortured, and, in order to escape further persecution, he drowned himself in the river which bathes Tetuan. Finally, the first aide-de-camp of Ben Achache was bastinadoed to force him to confess his complicity with his superior. He in vain pleaded his innocence, and was afterwards thrown with the ex-ambassador into prison, where they have both since remained. Late letters state that the French consul hesitated to interfere on behalf of the two men from fear that poison would be given to them by the authorities in order to prevent any undesirable inquiries. Such is the instability of human fortune in Morocco.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON ON THE MONSTER MEETINGS.—When we were assembled in the drawing-room, before dinner, the Duke entered, with the proclamation issued at Dublin Castle, to repress the Repeal meeting at Clontarf, on the 8th instant, which he had just received from town by express. He seemed very much elated, and, putting on his spectacles, read the whole proclamation out loud from beginning to end, laying great stress on the words, "*tending to overthrow the Constitution of the British Empire as by law established.*" I could see that he was much pleased with this exercise of authority, and that he had thought the government had been dilatory in not adopting these strong measures at an earlier period. He said, "We must now show them that we are really in earnest; there must be no paltering or truckling with O'Connell; and, as we are well prepared for every emergency, I have no fears for the result. Ten years of misrule in Ireland have rendered our task more difficult, but we must now bring the rascals on their knees; they give us now a fair pretence to put them down, as their late placard invites the mob to assemble in military order, and their horsemen to form in troops. This order, probably, was not written by O'Connell himself, but by some eager zealot of his party, who has thus brought the affair to a crisis. Our proclamation is well drawn up, and avails itself of the unguarded opening which O'Connell has given us to set him at defiance."—*Raike's Journal.*

A RAILWAY JOKE.—A man in rather seedy clothing, entered a second-class carriage in the G. S. and W. Railway from Athy to Dublin. A gentleman unnecessarily suggested to the visitor that he was in the wrong carriage, and that he must have made a mistake, as the third class was behind. The "seedy" visitor declared that it was all right—that he was in his proper place, and offered the gentleman to make a wager of five shillings that while the official would demand his ticket at Inchicore, his would not be demanded, ragged as he appeared to be. The wager was accepted, amid a scene of considerable amusement. On the arrival of the train at Inchicore, the party who made the wager suddenly disappeared under the seat, and did not appear until the train became in motion, when he suddenly started up, produced a second-class ticket, to show that he was neither a rogue nor an impostor, and demanded the amount of the wager, which was duly paid, amid roars of laughter, having won it by his adroitness in evading the ticket-taker.

CANINE SAGACITY.—"One day last week," says the Wolverhampton *Chronicle*, "a dog that had been the subject of barter or exchange, managed, in the course of his wanderings, to fall into a pit, the depth of which was not very considerable. The shaft being one not usually worked, some difficulty was experienced in getting him out, by a person attracted to the spot by his piteous cries. A rope was let down, but Boxer's teeth were rather the worse for the wear and tear undergone in certain conflicts with his species; he sufficiently understood the intentions of the rope to seize it, but before reaching the top was compelled to let go his hold. At last the man upon the surface bethought of a loop, through which the animal could put his mouth; this succeeded, for it was no sooner let down than the dog thrust his jaw through the loop, and was enabled to hold on to the top."

EXTRAORDINARY PRODUCE.—A correspondent in the county Armagh writes as follows: "I have just counted the grains from one ear of wheat, and after thinning out any unsound ones, I find there remain 129. The name of the wheat (which is of the white variety) is Ne Plus Ultra. The number of grains in each ear of any other description of wheat, I would say, is not 50. The ear I pulled is above the average, but the crop is very heavy, on what I consider poor land."

A CHEAP PLACE TO LIVE IN.—The *Literary Gazette*, in a notice of Mr. Neale's work on Syria, says: "People who love to live well and cheap at the same time, should go to Antioch. Mr. Neale tried to be extravagant there, but found it to be impossible—'house-rent, servants, horses, board, washing, and wine included'—to spend more than forty pounds a year. Oh, that Antioch were London! Fancy seven and a half pounds of good mutton for one shilling! fat fowls for twopence a piece! seventy pounds of fish for one shilling, and all possible fruits and vegetables sufficient for one's household for twopence a week! If we remember aright, the Garden of Eden was somewhat near this place. Yes, and so was Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village,' for there is certainly no other spot on the globe where one could be

"'*Passing rich with forty pounds a year.*'"

SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH TO SICILY.—Private letters from Naples of the 27th of July report that a Mr. Norman has obtained a concession from the King of Naples to lay down a submarine electric cable between Malta and Sicily, in conjunction with the line which is being perfected between Sicily and Naples by the Neapolitan Government. The line is to be completed before the expiration of two years. It is stated that Mr. Norman has not yet obtained the necessary funds to carry out his object; but it is confidently believed, notwithstanding, that a line of telegraph is to be shortly laid down between Cagliari and Malta. The concession to Mr. Norman is made by a decree of his Majesty the King of Naples, published in the official *Gazette.*

WORLDLY THOUGHTS IN CHURCH.—St. Stephen (Abbot of Citeau, founder of the Cistertian Order) found no consolation from the cares which multiplied upon him, but in the time of the Divine Office. It is recorded of him that at the evening prayer, as he went into the church, he used to pause at the entrance with his hand pressing on the door. One of the brethren whom he especially loved frequently observed this silent gesture as he went into church, and ventured to ask him what it meant. The holy father answered, "I am forced during the day to give free course to many thoughts for the ordering of the house, all these I bid to remain outside the door, and tell them not to venture in, but to wait till the morrow, when I find them all ready for me."

CIRCASSIA AND THE POLES.—The Circassians have published the following decree on behalf of the Poles: "All these Poles who, during the last eighteen years, have escaped from Russia into Circassia, and have been reduced to slavery here, are free, and may enter, if they choose, into the regular army, or live here as free citizens. They are also at perfect liberty to quit the country at any time. Moreover, all Russian subjects who have lately fled from Russia to Circassia, whether they be Poles, Russians, Cossacks, Tartars, and others, are free, and may act in the above way as permitted to those mentioned above. The military authorities are enjoined to enforce the strict execution of this law. Any person violating it will incur a fine of fifty rubles and an imprisonment of forty days."

A MERMAID.—The following declaration of two fishermen on the Argyleshire coast appears in the *Shipping Gazette.* They say: "We, the undersigned, do declare that on Thursday last, the 4th of June, 1857, when on our way to the fishing station, Lochindahl, in a boat, and when about four miles southwest from the village of Port Charlotte, being then about 6 P.M., we distinctly saw an object about six yards from us in the shape of a woman with full breast, dark complexion, comely face, and fine hair hanging in ringlets over the shoulders. It was above the surface of the water to about the middle, gazing at us, and shaking its head. The weather being fine we had a full view of it, and that for three or four minutes—John Williamson, John Cameron. Islay, June 9, 1857."

ORIGIN OF THE BONNET.—The first bonnet worn in England was brought from Italy, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and its form was a compromise between the present round Italian peasant hat and the French hood. The materials employed in constructing these head ornaments were crimson satin, elaborately embroidered, cloth of gold and similar rich materials. The Leghorn flat, with perpendicular crown, and a wide brim standing out far around the face, was the first legitimate bonnet worn, and this appeared long after Elizabeth's time. It was trimmed with artificial flowers and immense bows of ribbon. Our present neat and exquisitely delicate head covering is but a modification of this huge affair.

THE LOFTY STRUCTURES OF THE WORLD.—The following are the heights of the principal monuments, domes, &c., in the world: St. Antoine column at Rome, 135 feet; principal tower of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, 145; Trajan's column at Rome, 145; Napoleon's column at Paris, 150; Washington's column at Baltimore, 180; the great obelisk at Thebes, 200; Bunker Hill monument at Boston, 220; column of Delhi, 262; Trinity Church steeple, at New York, 264; the contemplated new dome of the Capitol, 300; dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, 320; tower of Manlins, 350; tower of the Cathedral of Strasburg, 460; dome of St. Peter's Cathedral, Rome, 465; great Pyramid of Egypt, 480.

THE SALE AT ALTON TOWERS.—The amount realized by the sale of the contents of this famous mansion is £41,000, added to which the plants in the gardens sold for £250, making a grand total of about £42,000.

NO IRON AMONG THE EGYPTIANS.—It is mentioned as a singular fact, by a scientific writer, that while executing the most wonderful works, such as statues fifty feet in height, and weighing about eight hundred tons, formed of a single block of granite, the Egyptians were unacquainted with the use of iron. No iron has been discovered in the tombs, or incorporated with any of their works. But tools of bronze, hardened by some process with which we are now unacquainted, have been found; also swords of the same material, finely tempered, have been found near Thebes. The huge pieces of stone used in building are frequently found to be connected by wooden clamps.

VALUE OF HIGHLAND PROPERTY.—The Duke of Portland has just purchased the beautiful and romantic estate of Langwell, in Caithness-shire, at a price of £90,000. His Grace purposes making it a summer retreat and converting part of the 40,000 acres to which it extends into a deer forest. The fisheries and shootings, which at present yield £750 a year, are of the best description, and the property is therefore particularly desirable in a sporting point of view. As showing the value of an attractive Highland estate, it may be stated that the price amounts to above thirty years' purchase of the gross rental.

BURNS'S MONUMENT IN PERIL.—The cenotaph of Robert Burns, says the *Ayrshire Express*, standing so proudly amid the storied scenes yet glowing with the fires of his genius, as a national embodiment of the profound veneration universally felt for his honored name, is menaced with an obstruction which will outrage the dearest association of taste, beauty, and patriotism. Alas, a little while, and if public opinion rises not in its resistless might to resent the intrusion, the monument will be *shrouded behind forty feet of stone and lime.*

A CHILD BEHEADED BY ITS MOTHER.—A corkcutter named Woolfit, living in Beryford lane, Lincoln, England, left his house for a few minutes, when he was recalled by the neighbors, and on going back found that his wife had cut off the head of one of his children, a baby about seven months old. The woman stated to the people who crowded into the place, that she loved her children, but if she had not been prevented she should have killed them all. The child had been placed on a hearthstone, and its head chopped off with a cork hatchet.

NECK BROKEN IN KISSING.—A girl of 17, residing in Bridgegate, Glasgow, named Catherine Burt, had her neck fractured in a struggle arising from a young man having attempted to kiss her. No extra violence, it was said, had been used. Dr. McGill reported that the injury sustained appeared to be partial dislocation of one of the vertebræ of the neck, causing great difficulty in respiration and swallowing, he presumed, from pressure on the respiratory nerve. She lies in a dangerous state.

PERSIAN PROPHECIES CIRCULATING IN INDIA.—A correspondent of the Calcutta *Englishman* affirms that General Low has received a number of couplets in Persian said to be composed by Niemutollah 700 years ago. They begin with a prophetic enumeration of the successive rulers of Hindostan, and conclude with stating that the rule of the English is to expire in 1260 Hegira, corresponding to A.D. 1864. The verses have been circulated through the whole of the North-West.

ISLE OF MAN—ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.—Measures for securing the advantages of a telegraphic communication to and from this island and the United Kingdom are now in a most satisfactory way of progress, and a meeting will very shortly be held in connection with the subject. This incalculable benefit to the island will increase the value of land more than £2 per acre.—*Mona's Herald.*

TAKING THE NUMBER OF THE STARS.—A most magnificent and interesting work is now being issued at Paris—a complete map of the heavens, so far as our knowledge goes—prepared under the auspices of the imperial observatory. It is to consist of sixty-five plates, each one indicating the position of 25,325 stars of the third magnitude, or 1,659,125 in all.

REMARKABLE CONVERSION TO CHRISTIANITY.—Advices from St. Petersburg announce that the chief of the Bouriats, a very powerful and nomadic tribe, professing Lamaism, has embraced Christianity, as have also his own family and seventy of his kindred, and that he has begged the Czar to be godfather to his baptism.

THREE SLIGHT OBSTACLES.—Lablanche, the celebrated basso, who had attempted to teach Queen Victoria to sing, frequently lamented that from three *slight* causes he had been unable to make her anything of a vocalist—first, she had *no voice;* next, she had *no ear;* and, lastly, she had *no application.*

Large quantities of a fish, called by fishermen the silver haddock, are at present being caught in the vicinity of Largs. It is a peculiar-looking fish, deeply striped with red, and having silvery scales, while it is marked on the shoulder like the haddock. It has increased very much in the river of late years, one which was caught about thirteen years ago having been hung up in a public house at Largs as a great curiosity. A fish precisely similar is common in the West Indies. They are held in great estimation in Liverpool, where they fetch 6d. per lb., and whither boxes are occasionally sent from Largs.—*Glasgow paper.*

The standard for British Cavalry, Heavy and Light, is to be, until further orders, from five feet six to five feet eight inches, and not under eighteen or exceeding twenty-five years of age.

Tea is the national drink of China, as ale was once to England, and wine in France. How cheap it is may be gathered from the fact that even the very poorest can afford to use it abundantly. It is drunk at all hours and on all occasions, during noonday visits, or while barters are being made; and is even used as a medicine for many diseases. Mr. Fortune relates that a native physician having called on him while he lay ill with fever, his first act was to order him a huge bowl of boiling hot tea, this done, to champoe his skin and ribs with his knuckles in a violent manner; and subsequently to make him drink two additional bowls of the liquid at an equal temperature with the first. The consequence was, that the fever shortly left him. In China, however, this excessive tea-drinking is not followed by the derangement of the nerves which attends its use here, a result produced by long habit, doubtless, but also by the greater dryness of their climate.—*Nation.*

A party of strolling players located in Athy, were lately entertaining a numerous audience in that town, with the thrilling drama of "The Castle Spectre," when a temporary gallery which they had erected for the accommodation of their patrons gave way, and about four score spell-bound gazers were precipitated into the cavity beneath. After considerable exertion, in which the spectre himself, miraculously resuscitated by the accident, bore part, all the prostrated sight-seers were extricated without any serious injury, the casualties being simply limited to a few sprained ankles.

The origin of the use of patchouly as a perfume in Europe is curious. A few years ago real Indian shawls bore an extravagant price, and purchasers could always distinguish them by their odor; in fact they were perfumed with patchouly. The French manufacturers had for some time successfully imitated the Indian fabric, but could not impart the odor. At length they discovered the secret, and imported the plant to perfume articles of their make, and thus palm off home-spun shawls as real Indian.

A young man, a native of Glasgow, named Austin, recently manager of a mill near Donaghadee, has invented a new steam-plough. The machine sends out two ploughshares of the ordinary form on each side, moving forward as the furrows are turned up, and capable of wheeling round at the end of the field. It is calculated to plough from three to six acres per day with a man and boy, and to consume from four cwt. to eight cwt. coal, according to the power of the engine.

The *Moniteur de l'Armee* publishes a letter from Bombay, of the 14th of July, which states that the heat is greater this year in the presidency of Bengal than ever was remembered. On the 25th of June the thermometer marked 52 degrees (centigrades) above zero in the English camp before Delhi. Several soldiers died that day of sun-stroke.

The capital of the East India Company is £6,000,000, and, under the act of 1833, which extinguished the trading powers of the company, it was provided that £2,000,000 should be set apart as a security fund, to be applied ultimately, with its accumulated interest, to pay off the £6,000,000 of stock.

A meeting of an extraordinary character was held recently at Bristol, when several thousand persons of all grades in society, and of various religious denominations, assembled in the great music saloon of the Victoria rooms, in that city, for the purpose of joining in united prayer for British India.

The monument to Robert Nicol at Bankfoot, Perth, has at length commenced. It is to be in the form of an obelisk. It will bear the following simple inscription: "Robert Nicol, born 1814; died 1838—I have written my heart in my poems."

Gentlemen, said a pedler, these razors were made in a cave, by the light of a diamond, in Andalusia, in Spain. They can cut as quick as thought, and are as bright as the morning star. Lay them under your pillow at night, and you will be clean shaved in the morning.

In the Liverpool Crown Court, Mr. Ferguson, a medical gentleman from Bolton, while passing to the witness-box to give evidence, had his pocket picked of a valuable gold watch, and this in the very face of the judge, the Hon. Baron Watson.

In the House of Commons, lately, Mr. Ewart gave notice that next session he should move for leave to introduce a bill to enable juries in England and Ireland to return verdicts of "not proven."

The number of impressions of the Irish ordnance maps sold and presented up to the 30th of June last amounted respectively to 207,650 and 218,907. The total value of the impressions sold and presented was £64,686.

The wife of a shoemaker, residing in Spittal, near Aberdeen, gave birth to three children—two girls and a boy. The entire group of youngsters are quite thriving and healthy.

There were 80,000 persons in Limerick on the occasion of the inauguration of the O'Connell statue.

A man was fined 20s. at Lambeth police court for being quite drunk while haranguing a crowd on the advantage of total abstinence.

The bookseller, Signor Morelli, at Valenza, has published an Italian translation of the songs of Beranger.

16,000 women in England have addressed the Queen against the Divorce Bill.

From the commencement of the season 199,324 firkins of butter were sold at Cork Market.

HOME MISCELLANY.

A Death Clock.—We have recently been informed of a truly wonderful clock, which is said to belong to a family residing in Newport. Our informant is one who can be relied on. The clock is of simple construction, and belongs to the family of Mr. L——y, but all the efforts of clock-makers have not been able to make it keep time—consequently it has been permitted to rest in silence. A few hours before the death of Mr. L——y's sister, which took place some time since, the clock suddenly struck one, after a silence of many months. It thus continued to maintain its silence until another of the members of the family was prostrated with a fatal malady, when it again struck one, and on the following day the child was buried. A year elapsed, when a second child sickened and died. The clock was punctual in sounding one a few hours previous to its death. A third child, a little boy fifteen months old, was afflicted with scrofula, which baffled the skill of his physician, and on the third day of this month its remains were deposited in the grave. The clock gave the usual warning and struck one. It has never failed in sounding a death-knell when any of the family in whose possession it now is were about to die.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

Runaway Pond.—Speaking of floods, perhaps the adventures of Runaway Pond may not be familiar to many of our readers. This was a pond four miles long, in the town of Glover. Its waters ran south, while the waters of the surrounding country flow in a northerly direction. A miller in the vicinity conceived the idea that by opening a passage in the upper bank of the pond, he could turn part of its waters into the Barton River, on which his mill was situated, and thus increase his water-power. Hapless thought! No sooner was an opening made than the water pressed rapidly into it, and the now broken crust of the bank being of clay with a substratum of sand only, the waters immediately washed out an immense fissure in the bank and rushed down with fearful impetuosity. The dismayed miller had scarcely time to warn his family of their danger. His mill and house were carried off by the inundation. The waters swept on with great velocity, standing up in "solid column" to the height of many feet, and bearing away factories, bridges, cattle and trees. In twenty minutes the pond was entirely empty, and the waters, in not much longer time, found repose in the bosom of Memphemagog Lake.

A Hot Joke.—Soon after the close of the American revolution, a deputation of Indian chiefs, having some business to transact with the Governor, were invited to dine with some of the officials in Philadelphia. During the repast, the eyes of a young chief were attracted to a caster of mustard, having in it a spoon ready for use. Tempted by its bright color, he gently drew it towards him, and soon had a brimming spoonful in his mouth. Instantly detecting his mistake, he nevertheless had the fortitude to swallow it, although it forced tears from his eyes. A chief on the opposite side of the table, who had observed the consequence, but not the cause, asked him "what he was crying for?" He replied that he was "thinking of his father, who was killed in battle." Soon after, the questioner himself, prompted by curiosity, made the same experiment, with the same result, and in return was asked, by the young Sachem, "what he was crying for?" "Because you were not killed when your father was," was the prompt reply.

The French Peasantry of Canada.—There is probably no peasantry in the world more remarkable for simplicity of character, contentment, cheerfulness, humility, industry, honesty, temperance, and fidelity to their religion. They live a life of poverty, hardship, and severe labor. With a crust of brown bread and a raw onion, their appetite is satisfied, and with ham and eggs, and strawberries or raspberries preserved in maple sugar, they have a feast beyond which the fancy can conceive no luxury worth desiring. They take root in the soil, like a tree; and, once fixed, seem to think as little of moving, as a tree. So perfect is their contentment, indeed, that it often appears to be more akin to stolidity. Yet there is one point of touching interest about all these hamlets of native Canadian French. The finest building, beyond all comparison, is always *the church*; and next, in dignity and in position, to the church, is the parsonage,—the house of the *cure* and the parish school.

A Burial in the Pines.—A gentleman in Burlington County, New Jersey, says that, a short time since, he witnessed in the Pines a rather singular burial. The deceased was a young man, about twenty years of age, dressed in the habiliments of the grave, his coffin made, grave dug, and all the other labor incident to the burial was performed by the mother. The parties were poor, living in a lonely cabin, supporting themselves by the severest labor and strictest economy, almost completely isolated from the world. The spot selected for the grave by the mother was a sandy knoll, surrounded by a few scrubby pines, where this only son rests as peacefully as the millionaire in the aristocratic cemetery, surrounded by sculptured marble.

The "Banking Business."—The following advertisement from the columns of the Chicago *Times* is a pretty good illustration of the facilities employed in banking operations now-a-days: "Wanted, as partner in a general banking business establishment on the West Side, a sober young man with a cash capital of from $150 to $200. Address W. R. R., *Times* office."

National Wealth.—There is no subject on which greater mistakes are made than in estimating the sources of national wealth. It is not what makes the greatest show in our fields, on our wharves, or in our ships, that so much enriches the nation as that which employs the individual and retired industry of the people. The shoe business of Massachusetts, for instance, diffuses itself among 80,000 people and overspread many of its towns, which owe their existence chiefly to the population and wealth which follows in its train. Boston is now the largest shoe market in the world, and her sales of shoes and leather exceed by millions of dollars those of any other city on the globe, amounting to the sum total of $61,140,000, which is the gross amount of yearly sales of 218 shoe and leather houses who have offices and stores in Boston. The whole number of persons employed in the manufacture of boots, shoes, and leather in that State, is estimated to be about 80,000.

Who would not be a Farmer?—The Louisville *Courier* pays the following tribute to the occupation of the farmer: "If a young man wants to engage in business that will ensure him, in middle life, the greatest amount of leisure time, there is nothing more sure than farming. If he has an independent turn of mind, let him be a farmer. If he wants to engage in a healthy occupation, let him till the soil. In short, if he would be independent, let him get a spot of earth; keep within his means, to shun the lawyer; be temperate, to avoid the doctor; be honest, that he may have a clear conscience; improve the soil, so as to leave the world better than he found it; and then, if he cannot live happily and die content, there is no hope for him."

A New Work Coming.—The lovers of genuine literature will be pleased to know that Mr. Hawthorne has resigned his office of Consul at Liverpool, from reasons connected with his private business, the leading object being the completion and supervision of a new work from his pen, shortly to be placed in the hands of the publisher. The admirers of the "Scarlet Letter," or the "House with Seven Gables," will seize eagerly upon anything from the hand of their gifted author. It was after his retirement from the Custom House at Salem that he gave to the world his "Scarlet Letter," and indeed official life seems to stimulate the activity of his mind.

The Highest Waterfall in the World.—Some writers having described a visit to "Voringsfos," a waterfall in Norway, and claimed for it the greatest plunge in the world, the editor of *Hutchin's Magazine*, a California periodical, says: "The astonishing height of the above, although situated in one of the most romantic and mountainous countries in the Old World, cannot compare with those of our own California, which surrounds the magnificent valley of the Zo Hamite. One of the falls is thirteen times the height of Niagara, that being 165 feet, while the Zo Hamite fall is only 2,000 feet."

Desertion.—At Kingston, Canada, on Monday week last, a sergeant and eight men of the 9th regiment, forming the garrison guard, deserted from the ranks, carrying with them five stands of arms and ammunition. They effected their escape across the river by means of a boat lying at the Queen's wharf, after having taken the precaution of scuttling with their bayonets all the officers' boats lying at the wharf, thus effectually preventing pursuit. It is stated that, within a very short period, nearly 200 soldiers have deserted from the British army in Canada.

Celebration at Yorktown.—The Richmond *Despatch* learns that the people of Yorktown and vicinity purpose to celebrate, in a becoming manner, the approaching anniversary of that important Revolutionary event which decided the destinies of the country—the battle of Yorktown and surrender of Cornwallis. It is eminently proper that such a celebration should take place each year on the memorable battle-ground, which has heretofore been sadly neglected by the descendants of those who participated in the Revolutionary struggle.

A Rare Revolutionary Relic.—We were shown, lately, the cane which General Stark held in his hand before the battle of Bennington, and which he shook at the advancing British army, exclaiming, "Boys, I'll win this fight to-day, or Molly Stark shall be a widow." He won it. It is of jointed Indian wood, resembling bamboo, apparently heavy, but in reality light. Its color is brown, mottled with yellow. The crown is mother-of-pearl.—*Philapelphia City Item.*

University of Wisconsin.—The number of students, for the year just closed, amounts to 174. Of these 62 are from the city of Madison, 82 from other portions of Wisconsin; and 30 from other States. Of the latter, seven are from Ohio, five from Illinois, four from New York, three from Virginia, three from Minnesota, two from Maine, two from Pennsylvania, and one, each, from Michigan, Indiana, Kentucky and California.

An Octogenarian Artist.—The venerable Rembrant Peale, of Philadelphia—now in his 80th year—is sojourning near Boston. This distinguished artist is the only painter now living to whom Washington sat for his portrait; and his love for the father of his country is so enthusiastic, that he has written a most excellent address on "Washington and his Portrait," which he delivered before the Historical Societies of New York and Philadelphia.

There is a little boy in Rochester only five years of age, who is at present suffering the horrors of *delirium tremens.*

The Wool Crop in Illinois. — The entire clip of wool grown in this State this season is estimated at four millions of pounds, nearly all of which has ere this passed from the growers into the hands of dealers and manufacturers. The average price at which buyers have purchased it is about forty cents per pound, making the entire clip of the season worth $1,600,000; quite an important item.

A Good Idea.—A remarkable instance of self-possession is narrated by a professional gentleman of Milwaukie. He was sailing on Sunday when the gale arose, and being frightened took to the shore, saying, "It wasn't the fear of being drowned he feared, so much as the looks of the thing in print."

Among the great variety of birds in South America is one to which, from its plaintive, despairing note, the name of *el alma perdida* has been given. In connection with this the following legend is told: "An Indian and his wife went out from the village to work their *chacra*, carrying their infant with them. The woman went to the spring to get water, leaving the man in charge of the child, with many cautions to take good care of it. When she arrived at the spring, she found it dried up, and went farther to look for another. The husband, alarmed at her long absence, left the child and went in search. When they returned the child was gone; and to their reapeated cries, as they wandered through the woods in scarch, they could get no reply save the wail of this little bird heard for the first time, whose notes their anxiety and excited imagination syllabled into pa-pa, ma-ma (the present Quinchua name of the bird). Upon this story the Spaniards, with their peculiar religious poetic turn of thought, called the bird 'the lost soul.'"

A young lady of Boston died lately of consumption. A physician's inquest was held upon the body, at the request of her friends, when the "doctor," who had attended the patient for two years, testified that he had not departed to the slightest extent from the regular practice, and given her nothing but the *usual* remedies. It appears from his testimony that he had given her in the form of Dover's powder, 5 lbs. of saltpetre, 1 lb. of ipecac, and 2 lbs. of opium. In addition, she had taken 8 drachms of morphine, 20 bottles of cod liver oil, and over *two quarts* of laxative pills, composed of no more active ingredients than rhubarb, aloes, gamboge, scamony, and castile soap. As *external* applications, he had used but two bottles of croton oil, one half pound of antimonial ointment, and only 90 blisters. The physicians holding the inquest informed him that he ought to be arrested for manslaughter, which so frightened the son of Galen, that he cleared the city, and has not been heard of since.

What a contrast presents itself to the fancy of any one who gazes upon the moonlight sleeping on a great city. How calm is all above; how turbulent all below! Above, the stars shine tranquilly and silent, and even the little clouds, that silver-edged flit over the sky, seem sleeping as they sail along. Below it requires no stretch of imagination of one who knows what a city is to see scenes of strife and passion, and sin, in the shadow of the moonlit spires, and faintly revealed roofs. Above, vast worlds are following their orbits, and keeping their appointed times, in obedience to the will of God. Below, little worms are violating His Commandments, and outraging His Majesty. Above, God reigns, and there is sinlessness and beauty. Below, passion holds away, and there is crime and deformity.—*Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph.*

It is astonishing to think how extensive the egg business of Maine has become. There is a larger value in money in this small article exported from Maine each year, than of any other. We have one firm in Gardiner, that has exported immense quantities to California, thereby realizing handsome returns. And one gentleman alone, Mr. Seavy, of Farmingdale, during the last year, collected and sold no less than 300,000 dozen eggs. The average price was eighteen cents a dozen, making a total of $36,000. There are forty dozen in a bushel, 480. and thus he collected 5,000 bushels. In May last he collected 38,000 dozen! And he is only one of many in our immediate neighborhood. No wonder eggs are high!

Ascending White Mountains is no joke. A party of ten lately left the Glen on foot to make the ascent, and found, after attaining a considerable elevation, that the penetrating mists and terrible cold had not been sufficiently considered at the start. When within a short distance of the summit, one gentleman, not yet inured to the severity of our climate, became separated from his companions, and was so affected by the cold and dampness that he could not shake off that deathly drowsiness always experienced by freezing persons. He lay down in the road, fell asleep, and was only rescued from his peril by the efforts of two others of the party who happened to return in good time.

George C. Bates, of Detroit, who claims to be the owner of the land on which the passenger and freight depots of the Illinois Central Railroad are located, in Chicago, has given notice to the company to cease making improvements upon it, as the land is not their property. Since bringing the suit to recover the property, valued at a million and a half, Mr. Bates has obtained the opinions of several of the leading lawyers of that State and elsewhere, who concur in the opinion that the title is beyond peradventure in Mr. Bates, and not in the railroad company. Mr. Sullivan, of New Hampshire, was one of the lawyers consulted in the case.

Some time ago a young man named Moore, living in Webster, Mass., fixed his affections upon a young lady who did not reciprocate them, and rejected his suit. Recovering from his disappointment, he paid his attentions to another and was accepted. His first love, however, dissatisfied with the course of affairs, endeavored to reinstate herself in his affections, and probably succeeded too well; for in the agony of his conflict between love and honor, he went into a garret and hung himself. He was a likely young man, and is said to have been worth ten thousand dollars.

On one occasion during the Revolution, "Old Put" had received a lot of new recruits, and as he had some fighting which he wished to do before long, and wanted none but *willing* men, he drew up his levies in rank before him. "Now, boys," says he, "I don't want to retain any of you who wish to leave; therefore, if any of you are dissatisfied, and wish to return home, they may signify the same by stepping six paces in front of the line. But," added the old war-dog, "I'll shoot the first man that steps out."

A good story was recently told at a temperance meeting in New Hampshire. A stranger came up to a true Washingtonian with the inquiry, "Can you tell me where I can get anything to drink?" "Oh, yes!" said the other; "follow me." The man followed him two or three streets, till he began to be discouraged. "How much farther must I go?" said he. "Only a few steps farther," said the Washingtonian; "there is the pump!"

On Monday morning, as a printer, employed in the Buffalo *Courier* office, was on his way to his work, he was stopped by two men, who emerged from the basement of St. James's Hall, and presenting a pistol, demanded his money. Of course he handed over what he had; but, being a printer, the whole sum of his cash on hand amounted to only 26 cents. Robbing a printer, and on Monday morning at that!

An old Negress, nearly ninety, is on her way to visit the present Queen of Morocco, whom she claims as her aunt. She started from North Carolina to New York on foot, a gentleman of the latter place having engaged her a passage. She was reared in a Quaker family of Newbern. Poor old woman, you are now too old to bask in the beams of royalty.

Mr. Joseph Hays, an old farmer in Indiana, sold 30,000 bushels of corn recently for 80 cents per bushel, and five cents additional for hauling it to the point of delivery in that place. It was almost wholly the crop of 1856, though a small portion of it was left over from the previous year's crop. It produced the snug sum of $25,500.

The Louisville *Journal* presents a rueful picture of the rapid depreciation of that city. It says: "It is a melancholy reflection, that Louisville, possessed with more natural advantages than any other city in the West, lags behind all of her sisters in the great race of improvement."

The Catholic Church in the United States received from the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, last year, one hundred and seventeen thousand three hundred and eighty dollars; while the society only received eleven thousand two hundred dollars from this country.

"You are very stupid, Thomas," said a country teacher to a little boy eight years old. "You are like a donkey, and what do they do to cure him of his stupidity?" "Why, they feed him more and kick him less," said the urchin.

The old bag which carried the entire mail between Hartford, Middletown, and New Haven, in 1775, is still preserved in the rooms of the Historical Society at Hartford. It is about eight inches wide by fourteen long, and will hold two or three quarts.

There are some wise provisions in the new constitution of Iowa. Hereafter the State will not be allowed to contract a debt greater than $250,000, and no city or town can do the same thing to a greater extent than five per cent. of its valuation.

An indignation meeting was recently held at Berlin County, Ohio, for the purpose of denouncing the theory and practices of a society of Free Lovers, who had established themselves in the immediate neighborhood.

A rumor is afloat that the object of the Governor-General's visit to England is to consult on the project of a union of the British North American Provinces under a king, to be supplied from the present bountiful royal stock.

The marshal of Minnesota has been instructed to take the census of the territory, whenever he is informed that it is the wish of the people to form a constitution, and to come into the Union as a state.

A young married woman named Kaltenbacker committed suicide by taking poison in Cincinnati, because she thought her husband liked one of her sisters better than he did herself.

The emigration from Germany to America has taken an increased start this summer, 10,000 able-bodied men having departed from the duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin alone.

The salmon fishery has proved a complete failure on the Labrador coast this season, and the other fisheries are less prosperous than usual.

If you want an ignoramus to respect you, "dress to death," and wear watch seals about the size of a brickbat.

There is a young lady living in Saratoga who has visited the grave of a sister every morning for three years.

New Catholic Churches are to be built forthwith in Nashua and Great Falls, N. H.

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SINGLE FOR LIFE.

With crimson lips apart, and upraised eyes,
She sits alone in twilight's stilly calm;
The pale moonlight across her white brow lies,
The evening breeze brings on its wings rich balm,
And from the steeple's top the bell pours forth
The vesper psalm.

Sad memory, faithful, points her hushed thoughts back
To girlhood's glorious, rainbow-colored dreams,
When silver clouds hung o'er her young life's track,
And emerald trees bent over crystal streams,
And all the gorgeous shining web of life
Was golden gleams.

Bright o'er the guileless heart Love's morning broke;
To nobler joys her ardent pulses thrilled;
A thousand unknown blisses in her woke;
She paused—she loved, she worshipped, half unwilled—
And then, ere long, a mellow, dreamy light
Her dark eye filled.

The birds' sweet notes were rivalled by her songs—
The dear gazelle was not more fleet than she—
She had an ear for every poor man's wronge,
A tear to shed for all in agony;
Her ready hand gave lavish as the streams
Give to the sea.

A brief, glad space—her pure trust was betrayed;
Her clinging heart untwined and cast away;
Her whole soul's love 'gainst bright red gold was weighed,
And sayless night was born of glowing day!
The rich hued clouds, which draped her path, were changed
To sullen grey.

A time of weeping—oh! so wild and dread!
Whole weeks of wailing, months in anguish passed;
Then, when her eyes have no more tears to shed,
See takes of her false love one look—the last—
Then tears the altar-stone—his image spurns!
Iconoclast!

Life seems a desert, paved with burning sands,
Curtained with cold, black-bosomed, drizzily skies;
Her rough way through it, bound with wounding brands
Filled full of angry serpent eyes!
The trees and flowers gaunt skeletons and wraiths,
The breeze—her sighs.

She loves no more! Break off the tender vine,
And fresh green sprouts, in time, will spring again,
Cast in the waves a stone, the eddying brine
Smooths over all, and heaves without a stain—
But break a heart, and its rent chords can ne'er
Tune to lover's strain!

A sweet old maid! pensive, and good, and kind;
Her great soul chastened in refining fire;
Lovely in form and face—a saint in mind—
A very angel in each pure desire!
A brave, true woman, doing duty here—
And looking higher.

Faith, Hope, and Trust around her twine their arms;
She leans her head on Truth's protecting breast—
Virtue, at her right hand, wards off all harms,
And angels fan her when she sinks to rest—
And God has written in the Book of Life
Her name so blest!

NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPT. 19, '57.

THE PERSECUTION OF CATHOLIC PAUPERS IN NEW JERSEY.

THIS is a free country. Of course it is. Freedom of conscience and the practice of his or her religion are guaranteed to every person by the Constitution. Of course they are. There is no distinction made by that august instrument between the rich and the poor—the fortunate and the unfortunate. Certainly not. On the other hand, the whole theory of our government—the whole tone and texture of our society favors the supposition that the rights of the poor deserve to be guarded with the utmost care, and their interests watched and furthered with the utmost assiduity. That is the general impression, and a most just one. With the law on his side the rich man can command his rights and take advantage of his privileges. Though Justice may be blind to his station, he can always indicate his presence and secure her attention by the clink of his gold. Having no old forms to battle against—no hoary prejudices to overcome, *he* stands in truth and fact a freeman since the benefits of freedom are at his hand, and not hung temptingly out of his reach. The poor, however, need spokesmen. Poverty is a moral *tetanus* which closes the mouth as effectually as a rescript of the Czar; and on this account our lawgivers, with praiseworthy thoughtfulness, have provided that the poor shall be furnished with advocates at the expense of the State—that they shall be supported at the expense of the State—that the rights which the rich assert in their own behalf the State shall assert on behalf of the necessitous, thereby making the government and its servants the special protectors of those who have no means of protecting themselves. If, therefore, we do not go to war like Duke Louis of Thuringia to recover a pedlar's pack, it cannot be said that the spirit of our institutions is wholly wanting in chivalrous charity, or that it regards the poor as having forfeited the rights and privileges of citizenship and above all, the rights of conscience, when they lost sight of Fortune, and became the prey of Penury.

We fear certain authorities in the neighboring State of New Jersey have forgotten this truth, and placed themselves in a position which none but an enemy could rejoice to see them occupying. We fear that they have misinterpreted the Constitution, run counter to the spirit of our social system, and committed divers grave outrages for which ignorance can be the only excuse, and a public repentance the sole palliation.

About three weeks ago twenty-five citizens of Jersey City presented a petition, backed by affidavits, to the Common Council, showing that the Catholic inmates of the Alms House, both adults and children, were compelled against their will to attend Protestant services, and asking that the Catholic pastor be permitted to celebrate Mass for them, and to give them religious instruction. This petition was laid before the Committee on Alms, which proceeded to take evidence upon it. Among others a Mrs. Flanagan swore that she was present when Whitley, the Poor Master, brutally kicked her daughter for refusing to attend Protestant worship. Mrs. Ainwright swore that her daughter was severely beaten by Whitley for the same offence. Mrs. Egan testified that her children were treated by the same official, several times, in the same manner. John Roan, a pauper 76 years old, confirmed the foregoing witnesses, and swore that he was made to go half-naked last winter by Whitley, for refusing to attend Protestant worship. Mrs. Fitzpatrick and Mrs. Lanigan, two ladies who live in the vicinity of the Alms House, testified to the truth of Roan's affirmation, and Bernard Hughes confirmed their evidence as to Roan's sober habits and inoffensive character. This man Hughes further swore that Whitley had threatened to throw him out of the Poor House if he did not join in the Protestant services, and that the fear of the threat being carried out, forced him to comply with Whitley's demand. Here is a chapter of persecution for conscience' sake which might well have startled the Jersey City Common Council and its Committee, and resulted in the instant expulsion of the man Whitley, who, it appeared from the evidence of one Ryan, did not allow the ardor of proselytizing zeal to interfere materially with the shipment of chairs, mattrasses, and barrels of bread and meat, *the part property of Catholic tax-payers*, to his son's house in Suffern. We say these instances of petty tyranny might well have startled the Common Council and its Committee, and we regret to find that the Chairman of the latter—an Irishman or an Irishman's son named Erwin, differs decidedly with us. We had hoped better from him. Since the "Anne Gallagher case," when he took sides with an indicted libertine, he has had ample time and solid reason to moult his bigotry. Calling himself a Democrat, elected by a Democratic constituency mainly Catholic, looking to it for future honors, he was just the person to atone for his former faults by taking part with the persecuted paupers. That he has not done so is an evidence at once that he is incapable of learning from experience, or determining the amount of his blunders. That he called the petition "an insult to the Common Council"—that he interrupted Ryan when that witness was disclosing an alleged fraud, which affected the character of the persecuting Poor Master—are facts which we commend to the memory of his constituents. As for the man himself, he is a cypher, and we are only sorry that the importance of the case with which he is connected has brought his name into our columns.

Up to the time of writing no final action has been taken on the petition or the evidence produced to sustain it. Whitley has full license to kick Catholic children and otherwise outrage the conscientious scruples of Catholic adults. Nay, we would stake a wager that the witnesses against him are even now made to feel his vengeance and that his anxiety about the resources of Suffern, is not sufficient to turn his mind from purposes of retaliation.

Nor is this system of compulsory proselytism confined to the Alms House. If we may credit Mr. Verrinder, a City Missioner, it is practised in the County Gaol, where the inmates are forced to join in sectarian prayer, or undergo the customary punishment for disobedience.

Perhaps the most extraordinory facts are yet to be told. In the Gaol, the Alms House tactics date from the election of the late "Board of Chosen Freeholders," which is composed of Democrats, one of whom is an Irish *Cav*tholic, named Doyle; while the Jersey City Common Council, which has the power of discharging Whitley, with two exceptions, are all Democrats, and the Committee of Alms belong, *in toto*, to the same party!

Surely Democracy is at a discount in New Jersey when it permits the poor and their children to be dragooned into apostacy, while it boasts of its special love for freedom of conscience and worship. Surely it will open its eyes, or the people will open them for it, to the manifest wrongs now enacted under its cognizance on the rights and privileges of Society's wards—the Criminal and the Pauper—and devise a remedy for them. This consists in the discharge of Whitley who has shown himself incompetent for his position, (and which we demand from the Jersey City Common Council in the name of the community he has outraged in the persons of its defenceless members,) and in the passage of an ordinance granting to the Catholic inmates of the Alms House and the Gaol the services of a clergyman of their own religion. Such a remedy is the only one which will satisfy the public, and the only one which will secure the unfortunates against the tyranny of petty officials, or the encroachments of an insiduous proselytism. Let there be no diffidence or hesitancy shown in affording it. It is due to the feelings which have been trampled upon—to the public sense which has been insulted—and to the character of our institutions that recognize in the pauper or the criminal the same manhood and the same conscientious rights which they respect in the person of the Chief Magistrate.

THE WAR IN INDIA AND THE FEELING IN AMERICA.

LUCIAN relates the story of one Eucrates who attempted to imitate the action of Pancrates, the favored disciple of Isis in magic. "I became acquainted with Pancrates," said Eucrates, "and he persuaded me to leave my servants at Memphis, and to follow him alone, telling me that we should not be at a loss for attendants. When we came to any inn, he took a pin of wood, a latch, or bolt, and wrapping it in some clothes, when he had repeated a verse over it, he made it walk and appear a man to every one. This creature went about, prepared supper, laid the cloth, and waited upon us very dexterously. Then when we had no further occasion for it, by repeating another verse, he turned it into a pin, latch, or bolt, again. He refused to impart the secret of this incantation to me, though very obliging in everything else; but having hid myself one day in a dark corner, I caught the first verse, which consisted of three syllables. After he had given his orders to the pin, he went to the marketplace. Next day, in his absence, I took the pin, dressed it up, and repeating the syllables, ordered it to fetch some water. When it had brought a full jar, I cried, 'Stop, draw no more water, but be a pin again.' It was in vain, however, that I reiterated the command of *as you were*; the perverse pin continued his employment till he had nearly filled the house. I, not able to endure this obstinacy, (continued Eucrates,) and fearing the return of my companion, lest he should be displeased, seized a hatchet and split the pin in two pieces. But each part, taking up a jar, ran to draw more water; so that I had now two servants in place of one. In the meantime Pancrates returned, and understanding the matter, changed them into wood again, as they were before the incantation."

The story of the philosopher of Samosata teaches us that it is dangerous to *raise* stronger spirits than we can *lay*, and affords a cue to the origin and progress of this Indian mutiny in which the *Eucrates* of the English Government and East India Company threaten to be submerged. Imitating Clive and Hastings in avarice and barbarity, but wanting their capacity; carrying out on an enlarged scale the aggressive policy of Wellesley and Napier, without having the talismanic reputations of either—they find themselves, in the words of a cotemporary, "suddenly surrounded at Lucknow, defeated with heavy losses at Agra, cut to pieces by the insurgents at Cawnpore, decimated by the cholera at Delhi, the torch of insurrection lighted north of them at Sealcote, and south of them at Hyderabad, and the whole interior adjacent to the Jumna, and the Ganges infested by an infuriated enemy." In vain General Barnard drew up his two thousand before Delhi, in vain Sir Henry Lawrence blew twenty Sepoys to fragments at Lucknow, in vain Gen. Havelock fights the fire of mutiny with his flying columns—the Hindoos will not be "*as they were*" and seem manfully determined to be as they *ought* to be.

Glory to them, say we, and execrations many and deep on those who, like the *Herald* of this city and the *Whig* of Richmond, wish to compromise our character before the world by parading us as partizans of their oppressors. So far, we believe, American opinion is in favor of the gallant Hindoos, and against their former masters. Whatever this press says or that one echoes in the itch of imitation, the great heart of the people refuses to be strung to the tune of British "civilization" and Sepoy "atrocity." You cannot make the hardy pioneer—the true representative man of North America—believe that nations are made mad by imaginary wrongs, and rush headlong into revolt, because they have been petted. You cannot make him believe that even a pampered slavery is better than a rugged freedom, or that "civilization" is another name for the "Kite," the "Chora," and the "Amendal." There is something in his nature which revolts at your specious pretences, and he feels a sympathy, mellowed by distance, but not the less a sympathy, with the tortured Ryots of the Punjaub, and the bronzed rebels of Bengal.

The Press, too, we believe, as a body, is in favor of the Indian rebels. Substract from it the New York *Herald*, the Richmond *Whig*, the New York *Albion* and a dozen others, and all the rest give daily or weekly indications of their opposition to British dominion in India, as heretofore experienced. They may not have arrived at that fulness of antagonism which a knowledge of the fact that tyranny is an essential part, and not an accident of British power in India would be sure to excite; but their praises of Hindoo pluck—their *pæans* over Hindoo successes, are neither stinted nor hollow. Convince them that the possession of a great empire like India can only be secured by the grand-larceny of its resources; convince them that ten thousand Europeans to hold their own anguish against 150,000,000 Asiatics, must in the natural course of things set Rajah against Rajah, and in the words of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, on another subject, make—

"Each conquest owing to some loose advance;"

convince them that for every Director in Leadenhall street "with fat capon lined," three or more millions of Ryots must toil on empty stomachs, or at best with a scanty meal of rice in them,—and they will soon make themselves heard far above the tones of the pro-Anglican press, in condemnation of the iniquity. At present, their position on the question is not such as we would wish it to be, but it is still decided enough to negative the foolish boast of the *Herald* that the Irish-American press is the only discordant element in the *national* chorus with which it volunteers to keep up the heart of the British Lion, and to frighten forever into his native jungle the enraged Bengal tiger.

Besides, it is beginning to be felt in our commercial classes that the declension of England into a second, or third, or fourth rate power, would materially enhance our importance and develope our trade. They are learning by degress that a "competition" which is no competition but a monopoly, is like the insect Aphis, not only evil in itself but hatched pregnant with other evils; and that it not only goes between us and our customers and undersells us, but that it keeps our native industry in swaddling-clothes, and our vast mineral wealth in its prison houses. Hear the Philadelphia *Ledger:* "We think it is demonstratable that England's decline would benefit instead of injuring America. For, were the Manchester mills utterly destroyed —were the vessels of Great Britain swept from the ocean—the factories of this country, the shipping of our Atlantic ports, would supply the void. There would be no competitors left for us; we should have consumers comparatively at our mercy." *That* is the idea, and it only requires to be more shaken about to be generally received and valorously championed. Think you we are so far overcome by our love for England that we would lose a dollar by it? Don't believe it. We are an essentially "business animal;" and although we support charitable institutions and send the Gospel to the Sandwich Islands we know that to be able to keep our philanthropy within speaking distance of the "Progress of the Age," we must pay greater attention to the mercantile interests of the Confederacy, and not spend our valuable time bewailing with crocodile tears the misfortunes of our competitors.

THE AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

We have before us the details of the late sitting of this body in Providence, R. I., and looking at them as the record of American Missionary Enterprise for the past year, we cannot refrain from expressing our surprise at their incompleteness, the carelessness of the reporters, or the lamentable lack of *results* which characterize them. Let us sift them together.

The Rev. Dr. Treat, Missionary to Turkey, reported that at one of the out stations in charge of Mr. Dunman, so great was the interest in the Gospel that the people would, not allow the preacher to sleep more than three consecutive nights. This news would, no doubt, be very pleasing to the subscribers to the Missionary fund *if it were credible.* Only think of the Mussulmen defrauding Mr. Dunman of his sleep by their clamorous impatience to hear the Bible read—why, with all our Christianity, Mr. Beecher can sleep from week's end to week's end, and Dr. Chapin can revel undisturbed in the land of dreams! It is plain that the Turks, if we may believe Mr. Treat's *dictum,* are more Christian than the Christians themselves, or that Mr. Treat indulges his fancy. We incline to the latter hypothesis which is more or less confirmed by the presence of Mr. Dunman in the flesh under the pressure of his manifold misfortunes. Joking apart it would be a *treat* to see him, as none but a hero could avoid being what his very name implies—a *dun-man.*

Dr. Schauffler, late of Constantinople, remarked that the Moslems "considered the Bible the best which enabled its believers to be most successful in all their undertakings; and, therefore, when the armies of Christendom entered the Bosphorus, the Turks with one accord ascribed the greatest power to the Bible, saying their great book was finished. The missionaries took occasion to say that the era of the Bible had just begun. Immediately thousands of volumes were sold to and read by the Turks. Many editions had been struck off and more are wanted. They are read everywhere and by all classes, from the Grand Sultan to the most humble of his subjects. There the triumph of the Word is an established fact," said Dr. Schauffler, warming to his subject. This testimony would also, no doubt, be very pleasing to the subscribers to the missionary fund,—*if it were credible.* It is within the limits of probability that the carnal Moslem considered the Bible the secret of European success in the late war, but it is evidently absurd to suppose that because he purchased a Bible "the triumph of the Word was an established fact." Besides, we would like to have a less interested authority than Dr. Schauffler for the fact of these purchases. The Turks are not lavish in expenditure. They know the value of gold or silver like a Christian. But the best way to determine our doubts is to ask Dr. Anderson, Senior Secretary of the Board, whether or not Dr. Schauffler and his colleagues *have accounted for these sales or deducted their amount out of their salaries?* What says Dr. Anderson? If they have, we'll believe them; if not, not, but instantly conclude that the gentleman "late of Constantinople," had to pour soothing unction into the ears of his hearers, and that he went about the operation not like a candid missionary, but like a *shuffler* of the shabbiest sort.

Seriously, the reports of this Treat and Schauffler as condensed above, contain the kernel of the late proceedings at Providence. Other Missionaries spoke, but it was on the representations of these two that Dr. Wisner asked the Board for, and the Prudential Committee consented to grant, $375,000 "to send the Gospel to the Bulgarians." The reader will scarcely fail to remark that under the circumstances, while the Committee's name was a misnomer, they could scarcely be truthfully called—"ye of little faith."

We fear there was gross lying at Providence, and that the speech lately made by the Bishop of Almira and Vicar General of Delhi, at Dublin, in reference to Protestant Missions in India, is applicable to them throughout the world. "They have," said the Bishop, "what are called 'catechists,' who in the morning preach the law of our Saviour, and in the evening get drunk in the same places. They give away Bibles and Testaments. I was once at home, and a Methodist came to me. He came to ask my permission to distribute tracts. I asked him if there was anything in them against the Catholic Church, and he said no. I then asked him to hand me the books, and there was nothing. Now in that *small village he distributed* 6 *or* 700 *books of different descriptions. Only about* 14 *or* 15 *in the whole place could read.* I asked a servant of mine, an intelligent man, to explain the matter. 'Ah,' said he, 'they take the books and sell them as waste paper, and they are very glad.' At home here you read reports that so many books are given to the natives, and that the natives are very anxious. Certainly they are—to get some money. They tell you, too, that the books are read, and that conversions take place, but they deceive the people in telling them such stories. They are all," concludes the Bishop, "as my servant said to me, 'great lies.'" We say we fear these caustic remarks are applicable to our expensive American Foreign Missions, but our greatest anxiety just now is to find out whether or not Treat, Schauffler, and the rest, accounted for the Bibles sold in Turkey and India. Did they, Dr. Anderson?

We are indebted to our friend Dr. Reynolds, of Oswego, for his excellently moralized poetical address, written for the fete given to the Sunday School Children of St. Paul's Church in that city, on the 15th of the last month.

CATHOLIC FAMILY READING.

Of late what are called family newspapers, or a weekly collection of most emphatically light reading, have become very common. As there is scarcely any one who does not read some publication of the kind, it was absolutely necessary for the Catholic press to give something, that, while avoiding the defects of this species of journalism, would afford equal amusement and instruction. We have both the NEW YORK TABLET and the *Catholic Herald and Visitor* of Philadelphia, well worthy of the patronage of Catholics. Those who buy weekly the *New York Ledger* or Frank Leslie's paper or similar trash, would invest their money much more profitably in the purchase of one of the above-named weeklies. Mrs. Sadlier, whose name stands deservedly very high in the literary world, writes constantly for the TABLET, and the *Herald and Visitor* has quite a number of talented contributors. It is now publishing a new story entitled "Mary Elton; or, the Tried and True," which, if we are to judge from the chapters already published, promises to be a very interesting and well-written tale. Either of these papers are much better calculated for mental recreation than any similar Protestant publication.

We would be glad to see as much energy used in selling these sheets, as the secular papers of the same kind employ. Why do not our Catholic newsvenders see to this? Twice the number of copies would be sold, were the papers brought before the public with one-half of the tact that proves so successful in the case of Protestant publications.—*Pittsburgh Catholic.*

We insert the above article from the *Catholic* for the purpose of increasing its efficiency, and not because we wish to echo the compliments of a corteous cotemporary. In view of the importance of the subject treated, whatever is merely personal sinks into insignificance, and it is only as a means to the end indicated by our Pittsburgh friend —the improvement of Catholic *family* reading—that the TABLET has any claim to be so favorably mentioned.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT TO A CLERGYMAN.—At the late excursion of Irish Catholics to Bang's Island, we learn from the Portland (Maine) *Advertiser,* an accident of a very serious nature occurred. While Bishop Bacon, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Wheeler, of this city, and their friends were landing at the Island, those who were previously on the shore gave them a salute with firearms; and in the firing, a gentleman from Boston not being careful of his aim, and having a loaded pistol, lodged a ball in the shoulder of Mr. Wheeler. The wounded clergyman was immediately brought to Portland, where surgical attendance was procured; and on complaint of some of his friends, two officers were despatched to the Island to arrest the stranger. On obtaining an interview, and learning the facts, the officers were satisfied that the shooting was wholly accidental; yet, as the gentlemen courted an investigation, he was taken into custody. As no further news has reached us of this unfortunate affair we presume that the Boston gentleman has been discharged, with a recommendation to avoid carrying loaded weapons in assemblies, especially of a religious or charitable character.

The above, from our issue of the 5th inst., contains several errors, for which we may thank the Portland *Advertiser.* The injured clergyman is *not* "the Rev. Mr. Wheeler," but our esteemed friend the Rev. Daniel Whelan, lately of St. James' Church, Brooklyn. He was shot, *not* while accompanying Bishop Bacon, but at least ten minutes *before* that dignitary landed on the island. There was no "salute" fired by "those who were previously on the shore," if we except that fired by the "gentleman from Boston," and which resulted in seriously imperilling the Rev. Mr. Whelan's life, and planting a bullet under his shoulder-blade, where the physicians dare not extract it from. There are other errors in our quotation from the *Advertiser,* which, as they have no bearing on the motive of the shooting, are unworthy of notice.

From all we have heard of this melancholy affair we incline to the belief that it was not the result of carelessness. The Charleston *Catholic Miscellany* is of the same opinion: and we sincerely regret that the characteristic charity of the Rev. sufferer prompted him to forego an investigation into the antecedents of the "gentleman from Boston," who, by the way, seemed careful of his personal safety, as he had no less than *two* loaded pistols on his person when arrested.

RELIGIOUS RECEPTION.—In the Convent Chapel of Our Lady of Mercy, Providence, on Thursday, the 27th ult., Miss Sarah Jane Rock (Sister Mary Ignatius) received the Habit and White Veil of the Order of Mercy from the hands of the Very Rev. J. Hughes, of Hartford.

The reader will find on our 13th page the Discourse delivered by the Rt. Rev. the Bishop of Pittsburgh, in Dublin, on "The Church in the United States. Of course, it must be taken as a synopsis of what he *did* say, but even in its mutilated state it will amply repay perusal.

DEATH OF THE REV. JOHN CAMPBELL.

We deeply regret to announce the death of this, in the truest sense of the expression, excellent priest and perfect gentleman. The melancholy event took place on the 12th inst., at the Pastoral residence of St. Andrew's Church, corner of Duane street and City Hall Place, after a long and inflicting infirmity, which he bore with great resignation. The Rev. deceased had attained the 33rd year of his age and the 4th of his sacred ministry. He was a native of the parish of Kiltougart, county of Leitrim, Ireland. In his early youth he obeyed the vocation which he felt to embrace the ecclesiastical state. He qualified himself for the sacred functions by a regular course of study in St. Joseph's Seminary, Fordham, and was ordained by his Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes. The many amiable qualities which adorned his life secured for him the respect and warm attachment of all who had the pleasure of knowing him. A solemn Mortuary Mass was celebrated for the repose of his soul in the above Church on Monday, the 14th inst., at 10 o'clock, immediately after which his remains were conveyed to the vaults of St. Patrick's Cathedral. A large number of clergy and people were in attendance.

On Sunday last the Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes dedicated to Divine Service the Church of St. Teresa, at Tarrytown, Westchester County. Mass was celebrated by the Rev. F. McNierny. His Grace the Archbishop delivered a discourse of an hour's length. The congregation was very large, and many Protestants were in it.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers who may receive bills will please attend to them immediately, as our terms are payment in advance. We intend making the TABLET a first-class paper, and we cannot do it without adopting, as far as practicable, the cash principle.

CALIFORNIA.—All those of our California subscribers indebted to us for the TABLET can send the amount of their indebtedness to Mr. M. Flood, San Francisco, who has consented to act as our Agent. He has the TABLET for sale.

NOTICE.—Wanted—A number of men, in the different States of the Union, to act as Agents for the TABLET, and for the sale of books. None but persons who can be well recommended need apply. D. & J. SADLIER & Co.

We request our subscribers in Milford, Mass., to call on our Agent, Mr. John Reade, and settle their accounts, as our terms are invariably cash in advance.

Mr. James McAlevy is no longer authorized to collect or receive subscriptions for the TABLET.

NEW AGENTS FOR THE TABLET.

Travelling Agents.

RHODE ISLAND.—Mr. Joseph Eagan is authorized to collect and receive subscriptions for the TABLET in Rhode Island.

CANADA WEST.—Mr. P. Trahey is authorized to collect and receive subscriptions for the TABLET in Canada West.

Mr. Patrick Ahern is authorized to collect and receive subscriptions for the TABLET in Chicago and vicinity. He keeps a good assortment of Catholic Books for sale at New York prices. We hope our friends in the West will extend their patronage to him.

Mr. John O'Malley will visit all the towns on both sides of the Hudson this and following weeks. He is fully authorized to collect and receive subscriptions for the TABLET. He has a good assortment of books on hand.

Mr. James Doyle is authorized to canvass for the TABLET in Milbury, Mass., and other towns that he may visit.

Mr. James McGee is duly authorized to collect and receive subscriptions for the TABLET in New York City. tf

Mr. John Graham is authorized to canvass and receive subscriptions for the TABLET in Chicago and vicinity. tf

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of W. A. Nugent & Co. on our 16th page. Persons having any tin or slate roofing to do, stoves to buy or put up, would do well to give him a call at his store, 52 Trinity Place.

SPEECH OF LORD DUNRAVEN.

The demand on our space last week prevented us from laying before the readers of the TABLET the speech delivered by the above estimable and highly respected nobleman, at the recent Inauguration of the O'Connell Statue in Limerick. It is, unfortunately, seldom that we are called upon to chronicle the fact of any among those occupying a position similar to that enjoyed by Lord Dunraven, breaking through the trammels and despotisms which restrain his class, taking his place side by side with the people, and making common cause with them. We believe, in common with a respected cotemporary, that talents such as Lord Dunraven's should not be suffered to lie dormant among the "happy glades of Adare." The following is his speech:

MR. MAYOR AND GENTLEMEN—We have heard it before now mentioned as a matter of reproach that so many years have passed by since the death of that illustrious man before any public act was performed to show the amount of Irish gratitude. Gentlemen, it is unnecessary for me to say that the demonstration which we have all witnessed this day—the magnificent procession which has just taken place—is in itself a sufficient answer to such an unjust reproach. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) Through your kindness I occupy a position which I feel myself incompetent to fill. (Cries of "No, no.") But I rejoice that it has given me the opportunity of expressing the feeling which has been for years past pent up within my breast of the deepest and most lasting gratitude to the memory of that illustrious man. (Hear and cheers.) Sir, let us for one moment consider the state this country was in at the time of his birth. The population of this country was then in a state of bondage and slavery; their religion was proscribed; their social position was degraded, and their political power annihilated. At that time appeared this great man, who was destined to perform so important a part in the history of his country. It is a remarkable fact that even at the age of nine years he himself gave a prediction of his own career; for one day, when his family were talking over the Irish patriots, Grattan, Flood, and Charlemont, he was observed to sit in a chair abstracted and silent; and when one of his family said to him, "What are you thinking of, Daniel?" the boy replied, "I am thinking that I shall yet make a stir in the world." (Loud and continued cheers.) I do not know whether many present have had the good fortune to see, as I have had, the place of the great Liberator's birth on the shores of the western ocean. Amid some of the wildest and most beautiful scenery in this country he spent his rising years, imbibing, as he himself said afterwards, the spirit of liberty which came on the western breeze from the land of freedom. The talents which he so early displayed caused his parents to send him to the Continent to the College of St. Omer for education, because, as you all know, at that period no Catholic could receive the benefit of a high education in this country; and, gentlemen, there it was, that while on the one hand he imbibed lessons of freedom and the principles of liberty, which were in vogue in that country, at the same time the horrors which he saw in the French Revolution stamped on his mind that hatred of bloodshed and horror of civil war which formed so remarkable a characteristic of his future career. (Hear, hear.) On his return to this country he adopted the bar as his profession, and with his talents it was no wonder that he made such rapid progress. You all know that the highest emoluments of his profession lay before him, and the highest rewards in its power to confer might be obtained by him. But what did he do with them? He used them for no sordid or selfish ends of his own. (Hear, hear.) He brought all his forensic power and legal skill, and laid them at the shrine of his country. (Great cheers.) As early as the year 1800, or very soon after the Union, he made his first public speech, and in that speech declared the principle that was deep in his heart; and in the year 1815 he became the recognized leader of the Catholics of Ireland, and we all know now that from that time up, by a course of restless agitation, and with the most undaunted energy and with the wonderful talent he possessed, he proceeded, unchecked by all opposition, and undeterred by every intimidation, in his remarkable career. (Cheers.) All the resources of his great mind were brought to bear upon the grand object of his life; and, in passing, I may mention that, in 1822, when he brought the great body of the Catholic Clergy to take part in his agitation—in 1823, when he founded the Catholic Association, and in 1824, when he organized the Catholic rent, he had created a mighty power, and with these three great elements of power combined and working under his guidance, it is not a matter of surprise that the time was soon to come when the issue could no longer be doubted. In the great meeting of 1829 he first showed to mankind, by an experiment on a great scale, how the political and social condition of a whole nation may be ameliorated without shedding a drop of blood, and without any of the horrors of domestic war. (Hear, hear.) Sir, I will not attempt to go through his parliamentary career, in which he obtained honor and renown equal to that of any other member of the legislature. If I were to mention any one thing which could possibly exalt him more than another it was the wonderful ability he displayed and the undaunted courage he showed during the celebrated debates on the Coercion Bill of 1833, when he almost alone and unaided had to contend against the whole power of the leading statesmen of the British parliament. Gentlemen, I have attempted, however feebly, to pourtray the career of this great man. I will not of course intrude upon questions of politics. I cannot avoid saying that the career of agitation which he pursued, the wonderful power he possessed over the minds of the people, were in themselves a phenomenon which must deserve the deepest consideration. It is not in my power to portray his character with justice; I am inadequate to the task of describing that wonderful combination of qualities which he possessed, and undaunted courage he ever displayed, the unfailing energy and perseverance with which he pursued his object, his great natural eloquence, and the style he possessed in debate; and when to these were added the nobleness of his person, the beautiful and musical tones of his voice, the sweet cheering smile which so attracted the people, and still more his accurate knowledge of the character of his countrymen, and his talent for wielding with effect the great power at his command—these qualities, I am justified in saying, combined to make him a man without a superior during his time. (Loud cheering.) I will turn for a moment from his public career to that portion which, to those who had the happiness of seeing him, is a gratification they have not forgotten and will not forget, after the toil of a parliamentary campaign, or after a course of agitation in the country, to see him enjoying the beautiful scenery of his own dear Darrynane. I have heard from the lips of others a description—for I never had myself the pleasure to see him there—of him pursuing the sports, which, like a true Irishman, he so relished and enjoyed, or in wandering on the sea shore admiring the magnificence of the storm or the beauty of the mountain solitude; and I have heard also of how he exercised his splendid hospitalities in a spirit that no one could surpass. His house was open to men of every creed and all politics. Whoever went there was welcome and was happy, and none left it without regret. Gentlemen, before concluding this brief reference to the career of the great O'Connell, one cannot but picture the sad portion of which passed just before the close of his earthly course. No human nature could withstand the effects of nearly half a century of mental and bodily exertion. (Cries of Hear, hear.) No man who had gone through such a life of toil could avoid failing in his powers as he did fail when disease took possession of his faculties; and, gentlemen, what a sad thing must it not have been to him to be obliged to leave his native land, which he loved so well—to leave her at a time when famine and pestilence were stalking through the country—when the upper classes were on the verge of ruin and the lower classes on the verge of starvation. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) It must, indeed, have saddened him when, at such a time, he saw one of the great objects of his life unattained, and that united action which he knew so well how to organize and guide, and which was the only means by which success could be achieved, broken and dissolving away before his eyes. What would he not have given to be enabled to see that happy change which, since his death, and the calamities that at that time befel her, has come over this country? One cannot help thinking that God, in His mercy, sent a chastisement on the country which, however bitter it may have been, no one could have anticipated would have resulted in what we now see around us. How would the heart of the dying Liberator have been gladdened could he have seen the prosperity that now exists in his beloved Ireland, the improvement in the condition of the agricultural classes, in their clothing and the comfort of their homes, and, what is more important still, the tranquillity which reigns in the country, and the great and happy dimunition of crime. (Cheers.) This state of Ireland would have cheered his aged heart; but had it been allowed to him to live he would he have seen education spreading throughout the land—he would have seen magnificent churches erected in our principal towns, temples and altars rising on every side dedicated to the honor of his religion, such as have not been built for many hundred years. And here I cannot help alluding to that church we passed to-day—a place where the genius of an Englishman, aided by the arms and contributions of a whole diocese, have combined to raise one of the most beautiful temples of modern days. I feel I have most inadequately performed the task which your kindness imposed upon me. (No, no.) But in looking at the claims which the great Liberator has upon us, I am particularly impressed with the claims he has upon my respect and gratitude as a Catholic, as well as upon the respect and gratitude of the thousands who are members of the religion which he professed and sustained. Sprung as he was, and as I am proud to be, from an ancient Irish race which ruled in the land, his family never deserted the faith that has existed here since the coming of Saint Patrick—(loud cheers)—while one of my ancestors, I regret to say, was base enough, under the pressure of penal laws, to apostatize. But I have had the blessed privilege—the greatest privilege which God can give to man—situated as I was, to be restored to that ancient Church which has been so long the Church of the people and the country. (Cheers.) But it is not only as a member of that Church, but also as a true lover of liberty, that I owe the deepest gratitude to our Liberator. From the beginning to the close of his career he omitted no opportunity to elapse that could in any way be turned to advance the cause of freedom. His efforts were not solely directed to advance the cause of those with whom he agreed in religion, as his efforts in favor of the Dissenters of England, and for the abolition of negro slavery, which deserved the gratitude of every friend of freedom, testify; and never did he lose an opportunity of advocating those principles, which I believe to be the true principles of human liberty. But it is as an Irishman that one must feel the deepest gratitude to the great O'Connell. He it was who raised our country from a state of most abject bondage to the position we now occupy. To use his own language, when he referred to that beautiful saying of Grattan—that he had watched by the cradle of Irish independence, and followed its bier to the grave—to him had it been given to sound the trumpet of his country's resurrection, and to show that she was not dead but sleeping. As an Irishman, sir, I love and venerate his memory as that of one who, by his exalted talents, honored and raised his country in the eyes of the world, and I rejoice that in him we have one instance at least in which a true Celtic name has obtained a world-wide renown. And, gentlemen, looking at him and his career, I cannot help feeling that amongst his contemporaries were two other Irishmen, who, in two great crisises, one may almost say, proved to be the saviors of their country. But these devoted their energies, and talents, and genius, to the service of England. To O'Connell was it granted to devote the whole of his gigantic mind to the service of Ireland. It must be a subject of pride that in the course of a short century Ireland has produced three such men as Burke, Wellington, and O'Connell, and all honor to the memory of him who devoted himself to the good of his race and his native land. (Loud and continued cheering.)

BIOGRAPHY OF BOLIVAR.

The most brilliant star in Colombian history, and indeed in the history of modern revolutions, is Bolivar. To whatever it may be ascribed, whether to accident, singular good fortune, the highest order of personal merit, or to all combined, Bolivar has raised himself to an eminent station in the list of successful heroes and remarkable men. He was born at Carraccas, about the year 1785, and is said to be descended from a family of distinction in that place. As a favor granted to very few of the native youths of South America, he was permitted to finish his studies at Madrid. He afterwards visited different parts of Europe, travelled in Italy, Germany, England, and France, and was on very intimate terms in Paris with Humboldt and Boupland. He returned to Madrid, where he married the daughter of the Marquis of Ulstariz, and soon departed for his native country. His wife did not survive many years, and he has not been married a second time.

While yet in Europe, he had formed the design of devoting himself to the cause of South American independence, when the course of events should point to a suitable time; and as it happened, he arrived at Venezuela just as the standard of liberty was beginning to be unfurled there by Miranda and his associates. Bolivar was not entirely satisfied, however, with the generel system of measures pursued by the patriot party, and he avoided taking any active part. He did not approve of the new constitution, which the Congress of Venezuela had adopted at Carraccas, and he declined a request to be united with Don Lopez Mendez on a mission to England, designed to promote the interests of the government formed on the principles of this constitution.

But the time soon came when he felt it his duty not to be inactive by a mere difference of opinion. The constitution, as it is well known, did not succeed; the wars and disasters which pressed immediately upon its adoption proved its insufficiency, and dispelled the hopes which its friends had entertained, of its power to concentrate the interests and the action of a scattered people, suffering under numerous privations, and engrossed with the necessary care of self-defence in different parts. Bolivar perceived that this was not a time to deliberate on theoretical schemes of government; he joined the army under Miranda, and engaged in the contest with a zeal and patriotism, that raised him to a speedy popularity and influence. From that day to this, his history is in the eyes of the world; it has been a succession of splendid achievements, which have gained for his name a merited place on the same tablet with that of Washington. The brightest records of ancient and modern fame have nothing prouder to offer. Time and future events must show whether this hero of the South will complete the parallel with his illustrious model, which may thus far be run with so much seeming justice.

In some respects Bolivar's ultimate success has been remarkable. He was several times unfortunate in his early career as a soldier, and more than once his enemies in his own country, as well as those from abroad, triumphed over him. But it is one mark of a great mind to raise above defeat, and restore the confidence which ill-success has weakened. His ambition has never been too strong for his integrity, and a sincere desire for his country's good. For a considerable period he was Supreme Dictator, with all the army at his command; but when a calm was in some degree restored, a congress convened, and a favorable prospect seemed to open of establishing a solid basis of government, he voluntarily yielded up all power, and insisted on returning to the rank of a private citizen. This was accordingly done, till he was re-chosen by the new congress to be commander-in-chief of the army, under the constitution and the laws. Twice he has by mere accident escaped assassination. In the first instance the dagger, which was intended for him, was plunged into the heart of his secretary, who happened to be sleeping in the hammock usually occupied by himself.

Energy was the predominant trait of his character. His movements were always prompt, decisive, and rapid, and at the same time directed with so much discretion, that, with a force frequently inferior in numbers and discipline to that of the enemy, he has been able to carry through a successful warfare with Morillo, Morales Monteverde, and other of the most experienced Spanish generals. His generosity has been much praised; he gave his slaves their freedom, and is said to contribute a principal portion of the income of his estate in affording relief to the widows and children of soldiers, who have lost their lives in battle. His speeches and addresses, which have been published, evince sound and practical views, and adaptation of purpose, rather than depth of thought and great intellectual resources. His celebrated speech at the opening of the congress of Angostura is supposed to be his most remarkable effort in this way, and that speech shows at least that he had studied profoundly the history and principles of various forms of government, and had most seriously at heart the object of establishing that form which should be best suited to secure the prosperity and happiness of his country.

THE LOVE I LIVE FOR.

I love the land that bore me—
Her emerald fields and plains;
I love the songs that lull'd me—
My mother's mellow strains:
I love the friends I parted—
The honest—the true-hearted,
And dear ones long departed,
Now free from toils and pains.

I love the hill and valley
That knew my bound and tread;
The hawthorn and the holly,
And the fragrant daisy bed:
I love the limpid liquid flood,
I love the mountain and the wood
I love to stand where once I stood—
By youth and beauty led.

I love the village bustle—
Where mirth and wit abound;
I love again to nestle—
At the foot of Rath or mound:
I love the faithful clergy,
Always truthful, always ready,
Always friendly, always steady,
To their pious callings found.

I love the *Cromleach* nodding,
At the closing of the day;
I love its shadow passing,
Like a Fate across the way;
I love the peasants dancing,
And youthful lovers glancing,
And the shades of eve advancing
With the breath of new-mown hay.

I love the Druid-Altar,
I love the saintly shrine;
I love and I sigh after
That land across the brine:
I love the blooming garden,
The owner's toil rewarding;
I love the farmer's calling,
Though now, alas! not mine.

I love and long for Freedom
In my early manhood's home;
I love and long for Freedom
Where I was wont to roam:
I love the spring and fountain,
The echo far resounding,
Of the torrent wildly bounding,
And its crest of flaky foam.

Then here's to thee old fatherland
A bumper from the free;
I love to tread thy pearly strand,
I love thy cliffs to see;
In sore distress, when most forlorn,
When chilled by grief, by wishing worn,
Dear land where I was born
In dreams I visit thee.

AN IMMIGRANT.

DUTY OF AN IRISH NATIONALIST.—The Irish nationalist should feel no hesitation in acceding to the request of that most exemplary Divine, the Hon. and Rev. George Spencer. He can pray for the conversion of England, and at the same time resist, to the utmost of his power, her brutal conduct with a good conscience. A forgiving spirit, we trust, will be ever the characteristic of our dear old Ireland; and when duty and inclination lean in the right way, it only requires the presence of such a single-hearted servant of the Most High as is at present among us to put them in motion.—*Mayo Telegraph.*

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LEGENDS AND TALES OF IRELAND.

By Mrs. J. Sadlier.

THE CASTLE OF TRIM—RODERICK O'CONNOR, THE LAST KING OF IRELAND.

With the single exception of the Rock of Cashel there is no place in Ireland more rich in historic memories, or in architectural remains than the town of Trim, the present assize town of Meath, and in ancient times one of the chief strongholds of the Norman English. The natural features of the scenery around Trim are by no means remarkable; were it not for the silvery waters of the Boyne, which wind in gentle beauty through the town and the rich meadow-fields around, the face of nature would be there tame and meaningless, but enriched by the varied remains of medieval architecture, civil, military, and religious, the locality assumes a wondrous beauty, a melancholy grace, borrowed from decay. Before we proceed to narrate some of the stirring incidents of Trim's eventful history, we will endeavor to give our readers some idea of its classic grandeur, extracted from an agreeable writer whose interesting work we have already had occasion to quote.

"To see Trim aright the tourist must approach it by the Black-bull road from Dublin, when all the glorious ruins which crowd this historic locality, and which extend over a space of about a mile, burst suddenly upon him; the remains of St. John's Friary and castellated buildings at the bridge of Newtown; the stately abbey of St. Peter and St. Paul a little further on, raising aloft its tall, light, and ivy-mantled windows; the neighboring chapel, with its sculptured tombs and monumental tablets; the broad green lawn, through which the Boyne winds, between that and Trim; the silver stream itself, gliding smoothly onward with unbroken surface; the gray massive towers of King John's Castle, with its outward walls and barbacan, the gates, and towers, and bastions, the fosse, and moat, and chapel; the sheep-gate and portions of the town-wall; and towering above all, the tall, commanding form of the yellow steeple, which seems the guardian genius of the surrounding ruins. . . . We have also this additional charm in the views of Trim, that, look at this place as we may, its noble ruins are ever forming new combinations, fresh groups of beauty and of interest, singly or collectively: in all the varying aspects caused by atmospheric changes; in glaring sunshine playing upon their massive walls; with the heavens overcast, and the drifting shower half revealing some of their turrets and gables; with the calm, subdued light of evening softening every object in the landscape; or the silver noontide throwing into shadow every dark recess and deep cathedral niche; with the stream that winds among them now burnished as a golden mirror, now dark and gloomy, with scarce light upon it to reflect the ruins that are usually mirrored in its calm waters."*

Having thus given our readers a graphic picture of the ruined beauty of Trim, let us proceed to bring back to their view some of the stirring scenes of which it was formerly the theatre. The Castle of Trim was built by the famous Norman lord, Hugh de Lacy, so early as 1173, the first year after the English invasion, and, judging by its present remains, it must have been one of the greatest fortresses ever erected in Ireland. It consists of a keep or donjon, and four square towers, with outer walls, barbacan and moat. It was, in fact, a fortress of great dimensions, perfect in all its parts, and calculated to overawe the native Irish who were then little skilled in the use of stone and mortar, or the construction of military strongholds on the scientific plans of those days.

Hugh de Lacy having received from the English monarch a grant of the vast and rich territory of Meath, took good care to stud it over with bristling castles, and then, being obliged to visit Henry II. on matters of importance, he committed the care and government of his newly-acquired possessions to his favorite, Hugh Tyrrel, a young Norman noble of great prowess and of tried fidelity to his patron's interests. Not long had De Lacy been absent from his fair domains,—the ancient territory of the Melaghlins and subsequently in possession of O'Rourke, prince of West Breffny,—when Hugh Tyrrel received the startling intelligence that Roderick O'Connor, at the head of a powerful army of confederates, was ravaging the country of Meath, and had burned and sacked all before him up to the very gates of Dublin. Amazed but by no means disconcerted, the stout young Norman made every preparation that he possibly could, well knowing that Trim Castle could not escape the vengeful attack of the Irish monarch. But reports came pouring in that the Irish force was much too strong to be successfully resisted with the comparatively small garrison at his command, and Tyrrel's bold heart began to fail. Raymond le Gros, on whose assistance he could have counted, was then in Wexford, celebrating his nuptials with Basilia de Clare, sister of Earl Strongbow, and though Tyrrel dispatched trusty messengers to summon that renowned warrior to his aid, there was but little chance of his reaching Trim before the arrival of the Irish army.

Meanwhile Roderick O'Connor with his trusty ally Tiernan O'Rourke, O'Carrol of Oriel and many other powerful chieftains was rapidly advancing towards Trim, with the intention of demolishing that great stronghold of English oppression. Could that be effected Roderick had hopes of recovering the whole of Meath, having already destroyed most of the other Norman Castles. The van of the royal army had well nigh reached the Boyne, calculating on crossing at the ford of Trim—and its chiefs were exulting over the approaching fall of the lofty towers which frowned so darkly over the subject plains, when all at once a fiery glare shot upwards from the embattled pile, and a sheet of flame burst from every window and from every loop-hole.

"They are burning the Castle," said Roderick to O'Rourke, "that is a desperate step of Tyrrel, yet it saves us the trouble, so we need not quarrel with him. I only wish every one of these foreign robbers would be beforehand with us like him."

"Still," said the stern old soldier, O'Rourke, "methinks he might have waited a little longer. Stout Hugh de Lacy would scarce have given up hope without a trial. It is a cowardly act to destroy the huge fortress without a struggle to save it. Had I had a garrison of my Breffnians in that Castle, I would have kept it against man or devil!"

"That is easy said, O'Rourke," replied the monarch with habitual coolness, "but perchance it were not so easily done. For my part, I think Hugh Tyrrel has done the best he could. His policy is to prevent us from occupying the Castle. What sayest thou, O'Carroll?"

"I think as thou dost, Roderick," replied the grave chieftain, "and I am mistaken if De Lacy will not be of the same mind. But what is now to be done?"

"We must retreat," slowly answered Roderick, "since Trim Castle is now destroyed, there is nothing to be made by prosecuting our way farther in this direction. Either Strongbow or Raymond will soon be here to assist Tyrrel, and as ye both know," lowering his voice, "I cannot count on half my present forces. Many of the chiefs are determined to withdraw their men, leaving us to fight it out, as they say it concerns us and not them, so you see," he added in a melancholy tone, "it were idle for us to await the approach of Strongbow or Le Gros with their compact, united bands of mailed warriors."

O'Rourke remonstrated, and would have had Roderick keep his ground, saying it were shame for the monarch of Ireland, with a large army at his back, to fly before a handful of foreigners, who must needs be under the malediction of Heaven, seeing that they were no better than wholesale robbers and plunderers. "I would fight them," added the warlike prince, though they were three to one. By the sword of my fathers, I would never fly before them were I you, Roderick O'Connor."

"Surely, Tiernan," began O'Carroll, "no one wonders at your determined hostility to the Sassenach ——," but a glance from the cautious monarch stopped him, for it was well known to him that any allusion to the abduction of O'Rourke's wife excited his ire to a fearful extent. "The children of Milesius," added O'Carroll, "must well kiss the rod if O'Rourke of Breffny turned his back on the foe."

A grim smile was Tiernan's answer, as he pointed to the now flaming towers of Trim Castle, and then to the walls and gates where the sound of axe and hummer denoted that human agency was brought to aid in the work of destruction. A wild shout of joy burst from the Irish ranks, at sight of the burning pile, and at the sound the English Commander of the garrison urged his men to yet greater exertions, so that before the Royal army had quitted the opposite shore, on their retrograde march the towers of Trim were smoking ruins and the garrison had gone off in another direction to meet the advancing battalions of Raymond le Gros.

Roderick had not proceeded far when the word flew like wild-fire through the ranks that Raymond was in swift pursuit with a strong body of his Norman cavalry.. Knowing by sad experience how unfitted were his mixed and ill-trained troops, made up as they were of many tribes only accidentally brought together, to cope with the iron bands of English archers and spearmen, bound together by a common object, and devoted heart and soul to their several leaders, the brave but unfortunate prince had nothing for it but to order increased speed, and the clans were put in more rapid motion. But vain their speed—on after them rushed the steel-clad warriors of the Pale, mounted on their powerful war-steeds. Then it was that

"The robber-band from the stranger land with their war-whoop fill'd the gale."

Falling furiously on the rear ranks of the Irish army, the Normans hewed down all before them, when the Irish clans, roused to action, wheeled suddenly upon them, and *debouching* right and left, threatened to surround the English force, shouting their several war-cries and brandishing their shining spears and axes in a way that made the foe think it high time to beat a retreat. This he effected in good order, and with the aid of the fleet chargers aforesaid, managed to get clear of the Irish troops, whose chiefs were but too well pleased to let Raymond escape rather than run the risk of incurring still greater loss. So Roderick went back on his way towards the Shannon, with a loss of a portion of his rear-guard, and well content to have saved so much of his army which would have been all in imminent danger had Strongbow been at hand as was Raymond le Gros, their combined forces being more than he could well have resisted, with such an army as he had at his disposal.

No sooner had the confederated chiefs disappeared with their forces than Hugh Tyrrel returned to Trim, and set about repairing the Castle, well knowing that the English could not afford to dispense with so strong a fortress, the strongest within the Pale. So vigorously did he prosecute the work, that by the time De Lacy returned from England, his Castle had risen from its ruins in renovated strength, and stood once more the giant bulwark of the English in those parts, frowning with a dark and threatening aspect over the ancient homes of the O'Melaghlins, and helping to deter their rightful owners of the rich lands around from any rash projects incompatible with their quiet possession by the present occupants.

GEOFFRY DE GENEVILLE IN THE BLACK FRIARY OF TRIM.

Amongst the bold Norman barons who held dominion in Ireland during the thirteenth century, there was none more illustrious than the Lord Geoffry de Geneville. His personal character was above suspicion, his military talents were of a high order, while as a statesman and diplomatist he had hardly an equal in that age. Geoffry de Geneville was in all respects one of the most accomplished cavaliers of his time, and was highly esteemed by the reigning monarch, Edward I., who employed him in many important embassies to the various courts of Europe. Like most of the Anglo-Norman barons of Ireland, De Geneville enriched his adopted country by the erection of a stately Abbey, known as the Black Friary of Trim, and in that connection it is that we trace his remarkable career, characteristic as it was of the "troublous times" in which he lived. In his declining years, when the partner of his life was consigned to the tomb, Geoffry made a voluntary sacrifice of the things of earth, resigning his vast possessions to Roger de Mortimer, the husband of his youthful grand-daughter, and retired into the Black Friary, there to await in the holy stillness of the cloister, the dread transit from time to eternity. Clothed in the dark white coarse habit of the Dominican order, the hale old man, still noble in his bearing, and of calm, serene aspect, might be seen at earliest morn, poring in his cell, over some richly-illuminated manuscript of sacred lore, or at latest evening, sitting "by the bog-wood fire," entertaining his venerable companions with many a tale of distant lands.

"For he had been a soldier in his youth,
And fought in famous battle, when the peers
Of Europe . . . . . .
Against the usurping infidel display'd
The blessed cross, and won the Holy Land."

Meek and subdued as that old man was, he had been once the first in tilt and tournament, when over the rich plains of fair Champagne he spurred his nettled steed to do battle for the honor of his lady-love. Seeking his fortune at the court of Edward the First he there met the fair Maude de Lacy, sister of the great Palatine of Meath, and being so fortunate as to win her favor, he obtained with her hand the half of the De Lacy possessions, she being co-heiress with her brother. After a distinguished career at the English Court where the favor of Plantaganet raised him to fame and fortune, De Geneville joined the Crusaders, and had his full share of the hardships and privations, the glory and renown which awaited the stout champions of the Holy Sepulchre on the sacred soil of Palestine. Returning from the Holy Lands, covered with laurels, Lord Geoffry retired with his Anglo-Irish wife to her rich possessions in Meath, where they lived for many a year in the almost princely state which became their exalted rank and unbounded wealth. And when God saw fit to withdraw the Lady Maude from this transitory world, then her lord, as we have seen, resigned his possessions to the husband of his grand-daughter, and donned the white garment of the Dominicans of Trim, whose Abbey he and his wife had founded. In that blissful retirement, the aged noble began to live for heaven, and looked back on the shifting scenes—the splendor and the glory of his past life, as a feverish dream from which he rejoiced to awake. Within the sacred precincts of the Abbey, the body of Geoffry de Geneville was in due time deposited near that of his wife, within the stately monument erected by him to her memory. The tomb is no longer to be distinguished from the common mass of ruins, and of the Abbey little is now to be seen—but that little is sufficient to denote its former splendor.

— In our next, DEATH OF THE MONARCH MUIRCHEARTACH MORE, A.D. 527.

* Wild's *Boyne and Blackwater*, ch. iv. p. 80.

WHO MARRY AND HAVE CHILDREN IN AMERICA?

More than four-sevenths of the marriages in Massachusetts are among the foreign born. Why is it? For the most simple of reasons—the foreign born can afford to get married, and the native born cannot; and this must be, so long as our extravagant modes of life continue. In social life there never was a people tending to deeper and more destructive social corruption—and that is most evident from the records of all the courts, and the columns of all the newspapers—than Americans. Our fathers used to tell of the profligacy of Paris; their children tell of the mysteries of New York—a city not far behind any in Europe. And making proper allowances for size, how far is New York ahead of our other cities and towns? Once was the time when a wife was a "help meet;" now in a thousand of cases you can change the "meet" to "eat" and make it read more truthfully.

We boast of our system of education; we have female high schools, female colleges, female medical schools, and female heavens. Our girls are refined, learned, and wise; they can sing, dance, play pianos, paint, talk French and Italian, and all the soft languages, write poetry, and love like Venuses. They are ready to be courted at ten years, and can be taken from school and married at fifteen, and divorced at twenty. They make splendid shows on bridal tours, can coquette and flirt at the watering-places, and shine like angels at winter parties. But Heaven be kind to the poor wretch that marries in the fashionable circles. What are they at washing floors? Oh, we forgot: nobody has bare floors now—how vulgar that would be! What are they at making bread and boiling beef? Why, how thoughtless we are—to be sure they will board, or have servants. What are they at mending old clothes? But there we are again; the fashions change so often that nobody has old clothes but the ragmen and the paper-makers now! What are they at washing babies' faces and pinning up their trowsers? And here is our intolerable stupidity once more; having children is left to the Irish! What lady thinks of having children about her now? or if she is so unfortunate, don't she put them to wet nurses to begin with, and boarding schools afterward? We repeat—we have come to a point where young men hesitate and grow old before they can decide whether they can marry, and afterward keep clear of bankruptcy and crime. What is the consequence? There are more persons living a single life—are there more leading a virtuous life? It is time for mothers to know that the extravagance they encourage is destructive of the virtue of their children; that all the foolish expenditures making to rush the daughters to matrimony, are, instead of answering that end, tending to destroy the institution of marriage altogether.—*Newburyport Herald.*

A young English girl recently committed suicide because her mother refused her a new bonnet. Coroner's verdict: "Came to her death through excessive spunk."

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

Bad news from the East.—Critical position of the British force before Delhi.—Death of General Barnard.—Surrender of Cawnpore and Execution of Sir Hugh Wheeler.—Cawnpore Retaken.—Death of Sir Henry Laurence.—General D'Orgoni.—Prorogation of Parliament.—The Divorce Bill a Law.—Its effects.—The Queen's Speech.—A new Peer.—Suspension of a Clergyman.—Meeting for the Relief of the English in India.—Donations.—The Atlantic Telegraph not bought by Government.—No application for permission to send troops across the Isthmus of Suez.—Reception at Hull.—Spollen re-arrested.—Dedication of the Church of Saint Vincent de Paul at Liverpool.

LONDON, 28th August, 1857.

The last mail brought the gloomiest news yet received from India. The spirit of insurrection continued to spread with steady velocity. On the 14th July, Delhi was still unattacked, and the British force before that city was rapidly dwindling down from losses in repelling the repeated sorties of the insurgents and from the attacks of disease. My last letter had scarcely been posted when we received news of the death of General Barnard from dysentery. The facility with which English generals die when placed in critical or desperate positions, having lately been exemplified on so many occasions, has given rise to rumors of which I forbear making myself the echo. Sir Hugh Wheeler after having surrendered Cawnpore to the triumphant insurgents, was, we are informed, contrary to the conditions of the surrender, put to death with all those under his command. The place was subsequently retaken by General Havelock, who, according to the received statements, defeated Nena Saheb with heavy loss. Another officer of rank, Sir Henry Lawrence, was killed at Lucknow, and numbers of superior officers at different points of the disaffected territory are numbered with the dead. The comparatively small loss of the rank and file in the encounters with different bodies of the revolutionists, according to the accounts we receive, is at least calculated to create surprise when we consider the number of officers of rank who have been struck from the roll by the great destroyer either with the weapons of the Sepoys or the terrible scourge of pestilence. Viewing the position of the limited and doomed force of the English under General Reid, who has succeeded Sir H. Barnard in command, it is almost certain that, ere the reinforcements sent out from England arrive, not one will be left to speak the mournful epilogue of the first part of the terrible tragedy of Delhi.

The correspondent of one of our city journals, writing from Paris, announces the passage through Marseilles of Gen. D'Orgoni, on his way back to India, and states that the General, whose hostility to England is known, prognosticates the total obliteration of every trace of British dominion in India. The writer suspects the General of participation in the plot to seize Calcutta, from the fact that unless he were concerned in it he could not know as much about it as he does. During his sojourn in Marseilles the General declared (according to a correspondent of *the* correspondent) that he would never rest as long as he could do injury to England, and probably intends to offer himself as a leader to the revolutionary troops.

The Lords and Commons of England have ceased their labors for the present, and the country will certainly not lose during the period of their inaction, for no work is decidedly preferable to bad work. They have succeeded during the Session which has just closed in fabricating, in the Mormonic measure styled the Matrimonial Causes Bill, a sort of legislative Pandora's Box, in which the germs of an interminable series of ills are packed and which before long will fructify with noxious luxuriance, and, spreading their branches through the social circles of England, shelter under their shameful shade, the adulterer and adulteress according to law.

The Queen's Speech contains about as much as those productions usually do. Her Majesty cordially acknowledges the zeal with which the important duties of the Session have been performed. This acknowledgment is, of course, made on the same principle as the vote of thanks is given to all chairmen at all meetings for their proper and dignified conduct in the chair. Her Majesty is full of hope that everything everywhere will turn up all right in the end, but at the same time Her Majesty's heart is sorely grieved at the unpleasant turn things have taken in India, yet hopes, *with the blessing of Providence*, to put an end to those grave *disorders*. The Divorce bill will, in her royal opinion, (which being that of the head of Church and State at the same time, is entitled to consideration,) put an end to evils that have long been felt. Your most humble correspondent, as you have seen above, takes the liberty of differing with Her Most gracious Majesty on the point. Her Majesty is very grateful for the liberal provision made for the Princess Royal; such things are always thankfully received and gratefully acknowledged. After recapitulating several other things that everybody knew Her Majesty winds up with a flourish about "welfare and happiness," "loyal and faithful people," and ends with a prayer for the prosperity of the endeavors of her faithful Lords and Commons in Parliament assembled.

Certain journals state "on unquestionable authority" that the country is about to witness the creation of a new peer of the realm in the person of our old acquaintance, Lord John Russell. This measure is said to be at the suggestion of the Premier.

In April last a clergyman, Mr. West, curate of Hemel Hempstead, had his license suspended for refusing to read the form of prayer ordered by the Government for the birth of a princess. The suspension has been confirmed by the Archbishop. What a pleasant thing it is to have a government which enacts Divorce Bills and dictates prayers at the same time!

The state of affairs in India is stirring up the City. On Tuesday last, a meeting was held in the Egyptian Hall, Mansion House, for the purpose of deciding on efficient means to give speedy relief to those unfortunates who are expiating British missrule in India. The Lord Mayor presided. Donations were received to the amount of nearly a thousand pounds. There seems to be no foundation for the statement put forth by certain journals that Government intends purchasing the Atlantic Telegraph Cable for the purpose of more rapid communication with the East, nor for the report of the assent of the Pacha of Egypt to the passage of English troops across the Isthmus of Suez. In the Commons on Monday last, in answer to a question by Mr. D. Griffiths, Lord Palmerston said that the Cable could not be bought without a vote of that House sanctioning the purchase, and as to the desirability of so doing it was impossible to make such a proposition at that period of the Session. His Lordship was unaware that any application had been made to the Pacha of Egypt. The passage of troops across the Isthmus of Suez, on a previous occasion when such permission was granted had been attended with great difficulty and expense.

On Monday last four young ladies were received as novices of the Order of the Sisters of Mercy at the Catholic Church in Hull. The Right Rev. Bishop of Beverly officiated and the Church was densely crowded. The four ladies are said to be natives of Dublin.

As I have mentioned Dublin, I must inform you that Spollen, the supposed murderer of Mr. Little, has been re-arrested on the accusation of robbing the money stolen from Mr. Little's office in November last. He was brought before a magistrate and committed. He declined making any statement before consulting counsel.

The Conversion to the Holy Catholic Faith of Mr. Saint, B.A., Barrister of the Inner Temple, and son of a clergyman of the Church of England, is announced.

The new Church of Saint Vincent de Paul in Liverpool was opened and solemnly dedicated on the 26th inst. High Mass was sung by the Right Rev. Bishop of Liverpool. A large number of the reverend clergy assisted at the ceremony, and among other prelates the Most Rev. Archbishop of Dublin.

W.

COMMISSIONERS OF EMIGRATION.—The Board met on Wednesday, the 9th inst. Very little public business transpired, as there was no quorum present. The sum of $23,158 was ordered to be paid to the Counties on account, leaving 53,998 42 still due. Capt. Crabtree reported that the cook of the packet-ship Kossuth, while in Liverpool, had induced two Irish girls to give him two sovereigns in exchange for two brass tokens, which he represented to be American coin of equal value. As the offence was committed within British jurisdiction, the authorities on this side of the Atlantic could not take cognizance of it. 131,129 Emigrants arrived to the above date.

There were in this port on Saturday 722 vessels, including 31 steamers, 212 ships, 100 barks, 89 brigs, and 290 schooners.

The hotel thieves have been quite busy in this city during the past week.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

French Project of Settlement in Cochin-China.—France taking her own.—The Missionary Bishop of Adran.—The Catholics of Cochin-China.—Ingratitude of the Cochin-Chinese.—Persecution of the French Missionaries.—Historical Sketch of the of French Relations with the Cochin-Chinese Empire.—The Pope's Journey.—Arrival in Tuscany.—Arrival at Teligare.—At the Villa Gerino, &c., &c.

PARIS, 24th August, 1857.

It is bruited that the Imperial Government entertains at the present moment a project of forming a settlement in the Bay of Touranne in in Cochin-China. Were the report well-founded there would be nothing astonishing in the measure, certain foreign journals to the contrary notwithstanding. By occupying a certain portion of Cochin-Chinese territory, France would be only taking what has belonged to her for the last seventy years. In 1787, the son of the then reigning king of Cochin-China, signed, at Versailles, in his father's name, a treaty by which the territory of Han, the Bay of Touranne and the neighboring islands were ceded to France. The French Revolution diverted attention from this region and the clauses of the treaty were not entirely fulfilled, but France sent aid to the Cochin-Chinese king in the shape of twenty French officers who disciplined his troops, built fortifications, generaled his army and placed him on his throne from which he had been driven by an usurper. The negociations were conducted and the officers brought to the dethroned King by the missionary Bishop of Adran, M. Pigneaux de Behaim. After his restoration the King was guided in his councils by the Bishop of Adran and the French officers, and the condition of the country was being steadily ameliorated. Roads were made, canals opened, agriculture encouraged, and new branches of industry developed. The Catholic religion spread with wonderful rapidity and great numbers of converts were made. When the Bishop of Adran was called to reap the fruit of his holy labors, in 1817, Christianity was professed by more than four hundred thousand of the inhabitants and more than two hundred churches raised the sign of redemption throughout the country. But King Gya-Long died in 1819, two years after the death of his reverend councillor, and things underwent a complete change. His successor, a fanatical Buddhist, acknowledged himself the vassal of the Chinese Emperor by receiving the investiture from the Court of Pekin and sacrificed the independence obtained by Gya-Long. He conceived the project of slowly and secretly bringing about the expulsion of the Europeans. The French officers were the objects of unceasing annoyance and disgusted with the ingratitude of the son of him to whom they had rendered such signal services, they returned to France about the year 1823.

Scarcely had they departed when the Son of Gya-Long forbade the Catholic religion to be taught in his dominions, and ordered the expulsion of all Europeans from the country. Many of our missionaries now proved their sublime devotion by calmly bearing tortures, and while their torturers piled new torments on them looking steadfastly and immovedly heavenward. The *Constitutionnel*, from which I condense some of these details, ascribes this persecution of our missionaries, and their disciples, to the evil effects of English dominion in India, and the distrust in Europeans which the policy of the East India Company has generated in the hearts of all the Asiatic Monarchs. But human power is not capable of extinguishing the light of the divine faith, or it would have long since been totally extinguished in Cochin-China. The Catholics were unceasingly and unrelentingly persecuted. In order to discover them, the crosses were taken from the Churches and laid across the streets, and those who hesitated to trample on the sacred symbol soon expiated their reverence for the holy sign, by death under the scourge or by the knife. But in spite of all this ruthless persecution, there are at present in the Cochin-Chinese empire one hundred and thirty thousand Catholics. Three sovereigns have since occupied the throne, but the condition of the Catholics is not changed; on the contrary, the reigning King when he ascended the throne caused the strictest decrees of his predecessors to be put in full force, and took most stringent measures to keep all Europeans out of his dominions. England tried to profit by the state of affairs to slip in quietly, but last of all would she succeed. Her representative could not even obtain an audience of any of the great officers of State. In 1843, M. Favin-Leveque, Commander of the corvette *Heroine*, appeared before Touranne to demand the release of five French missionaries who had been two years incarcerated in the Prisons of Hue-Fo. It was only by great energy and skill that he could obtain the delivery of a letter to the King, who had ordered the torture for all who should have any communication with our sailors. The commandant was obliged to threaten a descent on Hue-Fo in order to obtain the freedom of the prisoners. In 1847, *la Victorieuse* and *la Gloire*, were sent out on a like mission of humanity and protection for our missionaries, but on this occasion the Cochin-Chinese were still more intractable, and with their junks and forts gave battle to our vessels. It is needless to say that the former were soon put to flight and the latter silenced.

The present project presented to the government is motived by the desire to protect the Catholics of Cochin-China from the cruelties to which they are exposed, and when to such a noble incentive is added the right of settlement by treaty it is to be hoped that it will be adopted. However, there is as yet no official announcement of either its presentation or adoption. I mentioned to you in one of my former letters the exertions of the Bishop of Cochin-China in the cause of his persecuted flock.

His Holiness the Pope entered Tuscany on the 18th and everywhere on his route was received with unbounded enthusiasm. When his Holiness arrived at Feligare, he found there waiting to receive him their Royal Highnesses the Hereditary Prince, the Archduke Charles, and the Apostolic Nuncio. The Princes accompanied His Holiness to the villa Delle Marchere, belonging to the Marquis Carlo Gerini, the Grand Duke's Head Equerry. The Holy Father arrived at the villa at 3 o'clock escorted by a detachment of Tuscan Gendarmerie and Cavalry. The reigning Grand Duke and Duchess, the Dowager Grand Duchess, the Archduchess Anne, the hereditary Princess, Prince Ferdinand Strazzi, the Duke of Bagnolo, the Count and Countess of Trapani, and the gentlemen and ladies of honor, were at the villa awaiting his Holiness since half past eleven in the morning. After his reception by the Royal Family his Holiness was accompanied to the Chapel, where the Blessed Sacrament was exposed. At the door of the Chapel the asperges was presented to the Holy Father by Monsignor the Archdeacon F. Restoni, Vicar of the Chapter of the Diocese of Florence. The *Tantum Ergo* was sung, and after the usual prayers the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by the officiating priest. From the terrace before the villa his Holiness gave his blessing to the immense crowd of people who had flocked together from all parts to receive the benediction of Christ's Vicar on earth. Pope Pius dined with the Royal Family, and in the evening, from one of the most elevated points of the park, again gave his benediction to the people, who manifested deep emotion. The Villa and Park were brilliantly illuminated. Three transparencies representing the Immaculate Conception, an exterior view of Saint Peters and one of the churches of Saints Peter and Paul at Rome were exhibited in front of the villa. His Holiness left the villa Geroni on the morning of the 18th and arrived at Florence on the same day. A consecration of Bishops was to have taken place there, and on the 22nd a consistory in which his Holiness intended naming four Cardinals.

FOUR DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.—We have European advices to the 2nd of September by the *Baltic*, which arrived at this port on Monday last. In the absence of fresh news from India the papers are busy giving the details of the insurrection in full. It is only by degrees, however, that people are led into a knowledge of the true state of things. Not a line has appeared in any of the English papers relative to troubles in the Bombay Presidency, yet several of the French journals have published telegraphic dispatches from Marseilles, in which it was openly stated that mutiny had exhibited itself in the above Presidency and within a short distance of its capital. Fifteen thousand militiamen are immediately to be called out. Thomas B. Macaulay is to be created a Peer. Napoleon and the Emperor of Russia are to have an interview at Darmstadt. The announcement has caused much consternation in England. The Marquis of Normandy, British Minister at Florence, has retired from his post in high dudgeon, owing to the following cause. On the occasion of the visit of his Holiness Pius IX. to Florence an entertainment was given by the Grand Duke; the Marquis was present and was accommodated with a seat at the second table, and for this he has retired.

CACHOLIC MISSIONS IN AMERICA—A DISCOURSE BY THE BISHOP OF PITTSBURGH.

[*From the Dublin Tablet.*]

According to announcement in our last his Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. O'Copnor, Bishop of Pittsburgh, U. S., preached on the above subject last Sunday, in the Cathredral, Marlborough street, to a vast congregation assembled for the purpose of hearing from the lips of the Illustrious Prelate the details of a subject possessing so much interest for the Catholics of this country. The ceremonial commenced at twelve o'clock with a Solemn High Mass, at which his Grace the Lord Archbishop presided, attended by the Very Rev. Dean Meyler, the Rev. Canon Pope, Administrator of the Cathedral; and the Rev. Mr. Murray, Secretary to his Grace. The Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Lord Bishop of Pittsburgh, and the Right Rev. Dr. Whelan, Lord Bishop of Bombay, were also present in the sanctuary, accompanied by their Chaplains. The Celebrant of the High Mass was the Rev. Mr. Reynolds, of Pittsburgh, U. S., assisted by the Rev. Messrs. Butler and Woods as Deacons, and after the Gospel of the High Mass the Lord Bishop of Pittsburgh ascended the pulpit and delivered a most eloquent and impressive discourse, which was listened to with breathless attention by all present. We append the following outline of this able sermon, which was delivered in a strain of Christian earnestness and paternal solicitude:

His Lordship having read the Gospel, and made some remarks thereon, announced it to be his intention to appeal to the Catholics of Dublin for assistance towards defraying the expenses attending the erection of the Cathedral of Pittsburgh. He had reason to know, however, that some explanations regarding the state of Catholicity in the United States would be acceptable and not inappropriate before entering on the special subject of his appeal. He first gave the principal statistics of the Church of the United States. There were, he said, about forty-five dioceses or vicariates in the country with nearly two thousand Priests, and more than the same number of churches or chapels. The Catholic population was between two or three millions. It was impossible to be more definite. The Catholics constituted about a tenth or twelfth of the whole population of the country. They had a large supply of institutions of charity and learning—the colleges alone were about thirty. He had seen the statistics of about one-half the latter, and they contained over two thousand five hundred pupils. The number of clergymen was much greater in proportion to the population than that of Ireland, but being spread over a vast territory a much larger supply was necessary than is required for a more numerous population in a smaller space. He then passed to what he said he had reason to know was the part of his subject in which the greatest desire for information was felt in this country. He referred to the alleged falling away from the faith of many who went over as Catholics. From the remarks he heard since he came to Ireland he hesitated not to say that the impressions generally entertained on the subject were greatly exaggerated. As one proof of this, he alluded to the census made by the United States government in the year 1850. From this it appeared that at that period the part of the population of the United States which was of foreign birth, or descended from those who had immigrated since the year 1790, was little over four millions. Now, it was almost entirely to that class that we should look for those who might naturally be Catholics. The Catholic population, at the earlier period referred to, could not have exceeded, if it reached, 50,000. The Catholics in the country at that time were composed chiefly of the descendants of the original settlers of Maryland, with a few others in Pennsylvania. Of the immigrants who arrived from that time to 1850, he was convinced that fully one-half, if not more, were non-Catholics. The settlers from England, Scotland, and Wales were, of course, almost exclusively of this character. The same must be said of the great majority of those from Germany. With the exception of a few narrow strips along the Rhine and some small patches of territory surrounded by Protestant districts and subject to Protestant princes, there was very little emigration from the Catholic portions of Germany, and scarcely any until quite recently from the Catholic states. Those not acquainted with the subject would be surprised to learn how great a proportion of Protestants was found even among the emigrants from Ireland. For a long time they exceeded the Catholics in number. This was the case especially with regard to the earlier part of the period referred to, so that in counting the descendants of those who emigrated, the Protestants, being the earliest settlers, had a decided advantage. Yet, in 1850, the Catholic population, by our own computation, could not be far short of two millions, very nearly as many as might have been expected had the children of all Catholics remained true to the faith of their fathers. It was notorious, moreover, that very few, indeed, of the Irish immigrants were guilty of formal apostacy themselves. He did not think this occurred amongst those who emigrated as adults more frequently than it does in any other country where they are exposed to temptation, nor more frequently than in Ireland itself. He must say, however, that the children of many such were lost to the Church, and, while he considered as exaggerated many assertions made in this country on this subject, he stated it as beyond doubt that our losses in this respect were not to be estimated by thousands, but by tens, nay, by hundreds of thousands. It was important to understand the causes of this sad result, for on a proper appreciation of these depended the application of the remedy. These, he contended, were to be found chiefly in the previous character of the people themselves, though no doubt the seeds of the evil were developed more rapidly in the United States. The ties of neighborhood kept within bounds many a person weak in virtue. Surrounding influences counteracted many defects of Catholic parents in the education of their children. To have these withdrawn is always a severe trial, but when this is done in the midst of a thousand influences of a hostile character, the result could not but be disastrous. He then alluded to the timidity and indifference of many who, to gain a temporal advancement for their children, expose them in youth in a thousand ways, while others did the same thing through a mistaken notion that nothing could destroy the faith of *their* children. The result in both cases was the same. While the parent was listless in one case, or reposing in unwarrantable security in the other, the enemy infused his poison into the mind of the child, and respect for the faith of his fathers was undermined. In many other cases, without any special efforts of enemies, the bad conduct of parents made them forfeit the respect of their children. It is not to be wondered at that these frequently lost respect also for such parents' faith, of which they knew, perhaps, nothing, but that it was theirs. While, therefore, he would neither advise nor dissuade emigration —as to do either could be advisable only in particular cases—the proper conclusion which he thought followed from the facts stated was that each one should endeavor to remove, as far as possible, in his own sphere, the above and other causes of evil. Were it even desirable, he believed it certain that emigration could not be stopped. It was, therefore, the part of the lover of his fellows to do what he could to prepare them for it. Having dwelt somewhat at length on this subject, he passed to treat of the object for which he intended appealing to the generosity of the Faithful in this country. Before he went to Pittsburgh the Catholics of that city had built a large church, which was then considered one of the finest in the United States. As almost invariably happens in America, this church, when opened, was involved in a heavy debt. It was erected on a hill to which it was first supposed the city would never be extended, but which is now in the very heart of the population. In consequence of this the municipal authorities thought it advisable to lower the level of the streets. Prompt action, however, could not be obtained. The measures advocated by some evidently endangered the existence, or, at least, the usefulness of the church, and in the uncertainty of the future it was impossible to obtain funds for paying off the debt. This went on accumulating from year to year, until finally the street was actually cut down, when it was found that immediately before the main entrance to the church it was twenty-four feet lower than the doorsill. On examining the whole state of the case it was deemed most advisable to take down the church, and commence another. They were thus not only doomed to see the fruit of their past labors lost, but were placed under the necessity of beginning a new church with a heavy debt pressing upon them for one rendered useless. It was even necessary to spend $6,000 in removing the earth before the ground was ready for the foundations of the new building. They undertook it, however, with great spirit, resolved to carry out the plan by degrees as their means would permit; nor was it the intention of any one to appeal for aid beyond the diocese itself. The foundations of a new church were laid, the structure was advanced just far enough to make it impossible to alter the plan, when the old building took fire. They were thus left without a place to worship in, with a heavy debt pressing upon them, and an arduous undertaking before them. They were obliged to hear Mass in a schoolhouse, quite incapable of affording room for all, and accommodating a part only by having several Masses on the different floors and at different hours. The evils resulting from this state of things can easily be imagined. To guard against them it was deemed best to finish the church as rapidly as possible, and it is for aid under the peculiar and extraordinary difficulties necessarily arising from this course that he intended appealing to the Catholics of Dublin. The Catholics of Pittsburgh had subscribed liberally, but in so extraordinary a calamity they were entitled to aid from their brethren. They had frequently and generously assisted others on many occasions. They supported charitable institutions of a very expensive character, in which our own countrymen, not even domiciled in Pittsburgh, were the principal parties relieved. The very church alluded to will receive under its roof many who are now living in Ireland, and many subscribing for it here may be subscribing for a church for their own use, or for that of their nearest friends, or of their children. He trusted, therefore, that the Catholics of Dublin, of whose charity he saw so many proofs in every part of their beautiful city, would aid in this good work, especially as in doing so they were not only aiding brethren in the faith, but brethren also even according to the flesh.

At the conclusion of the sermon the High Mass was resumed, and at its termination his Grace the Lord Archbishop pronounced the pontifical benediction, and the prelates and clergy left the church in procession.

There were 671 deaths in this city during the past week—a decrease of 4, as compared with the mortality of the preceding week.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH AT BALLYBAY, IN THE COUNTY OF MONAGHAN.—We are gratified to learn that Mrs. Leslie, the liberal and benevolent lady who is the owner of the Ballybay estate, has given, at Ballybay, for the erection of a Catholic church, a most convenient and beautiful site, overlooking, at that town, the Dundalk and Enniskillen Railway. It is strange, it has been a cause of wonder to ourselves and to others, even to Protestants, that, in Ballybay, a town of considerable commercial importance, and distinguished in the county of Monaghan for the public spirit and patriotism of its Catholic inhabitants, no successful attempt at any time has been made for the erection of a Catholic church. This is the more to be regretted as the Catholic population, greatly increased by the rural depopulation of the famine years, is now very large, about 800. It is painful and most startling to know that in a country so Catholic as this, 800 Catholics, living in an Irish town, are entirely destitute of proper church accommodation. There are, it is true, in the country districts of the parish two neat and commodious chapels, but at too great a distance to be available for the inhabitants of the town.—*Dundalk Democrat.*

A NEW CONVENT AT MACROOM.—The ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the new ecclesiastical buildings about to be erected in the town of Macroom, took place with all the solemnity with which the Church invests that important rite. The scene of the day's proceedings was the yard of the present church, where the lines of the new erections are already laid out. These consist of a convent, to be occupied by a number of Sisters of the Order of Mercy, and a large addition to the present chapel, which will connect both buildings with each other. The interest of the occasion and the novelty of the ceremonies had attracted an immense crowd, which not only filled to overflowing the spacious church during the celebration of Mass, but crammed every corner of the large surrounding yard. At a rough calculation the assembled numbers could not have been less than seven or eight thousand persons.

PROFESSION OF NUNS.—On Sunday, the 16th ult., the Catholic Church of Abbeyleix was the scene of the deeply-interesting ceremonies which accompany the profession and reception of those pious young ladies, who, renouncing the pleasures and vanities of the world, dedicate themselves in the most solemn manner to the love and service of their Maker. On that day the profession of Miss Cormack, Johnstown, county Kilkenny, took place at the eight o'clock Mass which was celebrated by the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, the Bishop of the diocese, assisted by the Rev. Thomas Nolan, the parish priest of Abbeyleix.

CONVERSION.—The *Morning Star* announces that Mr. John James Heath Saint, B.A., barrister, of the Inner Temple, has joined the Catholic Church. Mr. Saint, who was educated at Eton and Oxford, is a son of the rector of Speldhurst, Tunbridge Wells, and is a member of the midland circuit.

At Aix-la-Chapelle, the building of a monumental Gothic church in honor of the Immaculate Conception of Our Blessed Lady has been granted by the King, as all the difficulties with regard to the sufficiency of the means and the ground which had been thrown in the way have now become obviated.

The Catholics of North Shields have resolved to erect a memorial to their late pastor, the Rev. Thomas Gillow. The memorial is to consist of a new tracery window, filled with stained glass, to be placed in the south side of the chapel, and also a carved monument, to be placed near the entrance outside.

The Rev. Dr. Barry, Professor of Elocution at All Hallows College, Dublin, who has been lecturing to the Young Men's Societies in Bradford, Liverpool, and other places, has just concluded a Spiritual Retreat for the members of the Catholic Young Men's Society of Manchester and Salford.

Domestic.

DEDICATION OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH, GOVANSTOWN.—The interesting ceremony of dedicating the new church of St. Mary's, at Govanstown, took place in the presence of a congregation which numbered at least 1,500 persons, the largest portion of which could not, of course, gain access to the building. At an early hour in the morning, the several Beneficial Societies assembled in procession at the intersection of York Avenue and Eager street, and with their handsome banners and the Cornet Band of Captain Philip Linhardt, marched out to the place, the band enlivening the line as soon as it passed the city boundaries. The new structure, which is very neat and tasteful in its general design and appearance, occupies the site of the one which was destroyed about two years since by fire. It is constructed of brick, the front measuring 37 feet, with a depth of 52 feet, built at a cost of about four thousand dollars. The whole number of pews is 52, each is amply sufficient to accommodate nine persons. The interior throughout has been frescoed in a most beautiful style of art. The consecration of the altar took place at 8 o'clock, the Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick officiating, and at 10 o'clock the ceremony of dedication was begun, the same prelate officiating, assisted by the priests, Rev. Thomas Foley, Deacon; Rev. B. J. McManus, Sub-Deacon; Mr. Didier, Master of Ceremonies, and Messrs. Barry and Jordan, St. Charles' College, Acolytes. The dedicatory sermon was preached by Rev. Father Hewett.—*Abridged from the Baltimore Catholic Mirror.*

Rev. James Conway, Roman Catholic priest, who lately died in Salem, was formerly pastor among the Penobscot Indians. We learn from the Bangor *Union* that the Indians celebrated his obsequies, having been heretofore prevented by the small pox which prevailed at Oldtown. On Sunday they sang the Vesper of the Dead, and Monday the Mass of Requiem, all in Indian language. Rev. Father Vetromile celebrated the High Mass, at which all approached to communion, and Rev. Father Bapst delivered an eloquent and feeling funeral sermon. As a large number of the friends of Father Conway from Oldtown and Bangor were present in the church, and of different nationalities, Mr. Bapst spoke in the English, French, and Indian languages, successively. The following is the inscription placed on the coffin by the Indians:

SAK CONWAY,
N'uli Patliasmenawa
tooteloab.
LANGMAN ZEZUS.
Tchwiulttawe utchetchacgual
askamelaueul angan.
NIAETCH.
[Translated.]
JAMES CONWAY,
our good Patriarch,
is dead.
OUR LORD JESUS
Give to his Soul
Life Everlasting.
AMEN.

We understand that Bishop De St. Pallais, at the conclusion of the services of St. John's church on Sunday last, advocated the tearing away of the old school building on the church property and erecting an edifice, in accordance with the progress of Indianapolis. The Bishop forcibly called upon all to assist in furthering the progress and prosperity of the city. The building to be erected should be such a one as would compare with other public buildings in the State.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

The Bishop of Milwaukie lately received *seventy-two* postulants into one religious order, on a single occasion.

STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE, }
ALBANY, August 31, 1857. }

TO THE SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY OF NEW YORK: SIR:—Notice is hereby given, that at the General Election to be held in this State on the TUESDAY succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

A Secretary of State, in the place of Joel T. Headley;
A Comptroller, in the place of Lorenzo Burrows;
An Attorney General, in the place of Stephen B. Cushing;
A State Engineer and Surveyor, in the place of Silas Seymour;
A State Treasurer, in the place of Stephen Clarke;
A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Henry Fitzhugh;
An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Norwood Bowne;
A Judge of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Hiram Denio;
All whose terms of service will expire on the last day of December next.
Also two Justices of the Supreme Court for the First Judicial District, in the place of William Mitchell, whose term expires December 31, 1857, and one in place of Charles A. Peabody, appointed to fill vacancy, occasioned by the resignation of James R. Whiting.
Two Justices of the Superior Court, in the place of Joseph S. Bosworth and Thomas J. Oakley, deceased.
A Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, in the place of Daniel P. Ingraham.
A Justice of the Marine Court, in place of Florence McCarthy.
A Justice of the First District in the City of New York, in place of James Green.
A Justice of the Second District in the City of New York, in place of Bartholomew O'Connor.
A Justice of the Third District in the City of New York, in place of William B. Meech.
A Justice of the Fourth District in the City of New York, in place of William A. Van Cott.
A Justice of the Fifth District in the City of New York, in place of John Anderson, Jun.
A Justice of the Sixth District in the City of New York, in place of Anson Willis.
A Justice of the Seventh District in the City of New York, in place of Thomas Pearson.
A Police Justice of the First District in the City of New York, in place of James H. Welsh.
A Police Justice of the Second District in the City of New York, in place of Matthew T Brennan.
A Police Justice of the Third District in the City of New York, in place of James L. Wood.
A Police Justice of the Fourth District in the City of New York, in place of J. Sherman Brownell.
A Police Justice of the Fifth District in the City of New York, in place of Barnabas W. Osborne.
A Police Justice of the Sixth District in the City of New York, in place of William S. Davidson.
A Police Justice of the Seventh District in the City of New York, in place of James M. Flandreau.
A Police Justice of the Eighth District in the City of New York, in place of Micheal Connelly.
Also a Senator for the Fourth, Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Senate Districts, consisting of the City and County of New York.
A Member of Assembly for each of the Assembly Districts in the City and County of New York, viz.:—The First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, Twelfth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Assembly Districts.
Two Governors of the Alms House, in the place of Anthony Dugro and Washington Smith.
A Surrogate, in place of Alexander W. Bradford.
A Recorder, in place of James M. Smith.
A District Attorney, in place of A. Oakley Hall.
And a Register, in place of John S. Doane.
All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

Yours respectfully,
J. T. HEADLEY, Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, }
NEW YORK, Sept. 3, 1857. }

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirement of the Statute in such case made and provided.

JAMES C. WILLET.
Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

☞ All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once in each week until the election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment. See Revised Statutes, vol. 1, chap. 6, title 3, article 3d, part 1st, page 140. sep19

PUBLIC CATHOLIC LIBRARY AND READING ROOMS,

839 BROADWAY.

Open daily (Sundays excepted) from 1 to 10 o'clock, P.M.

Annual Subscription—One Dollar—which entitles the Subscriber to receive Books from the Library and to the use of the Reading Rooms.

M. T. COZANS, President.
W. T. BUGIS, Secretary. ag6 1y

EDUCATION.

ACADEMY OF THE HOLY INFANCY,

MANHATTANVILLE, NEW YORK.

Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

PROSPECTUS.

SITUATED 8 miles distant from the City of New York, in an elevated position on the east bank of the Hudson River, the Academy commands a most delightful view of the magnificent scenery for which that noble stream is so justly celebrated; whilst, at the same time, the location is one of the most healthy in the Union. The large and commodious edifice occupied by the Institution, having lately undergone some important improvements and additions to the original structure, cannot fail to ensure the comfort and convenience of the Pupils.

The age for admission into this Institution is from 6 to 12 years. Children under 6, or over 12, are not admitted.

Terms:

Entrance Fee.....$ 10 00
Pension, Washing and Mending of Linen, use of Books, Stationery and Library, per annum..180 00
Mending of Clothes and Shoes, Postage of Letters, &c., form extra expenses, chargeable to the parents.
Payments to be made half-yearly in advance.

Tuition.

The Course of Instruction embraces the following branches, viz.: Christian Doctrine, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, History, Book-Keeping, Geometry, Algebra, Composition, Elocution, Natural Philosophy, Mythology, French, Vocal Music and Drawing.

The following are extra, viz.: Instrumental Music $80 per annum. Spanish and German Languages, each $24.

Observations.

The Scholastic year is 11 months, commencing on the 1st of September, and terminating on the 1st of August. No Pupils kept in the Institution during the annual vacation, which is from the end of July till the 1st of September.

The Pupils will have holidays to go and visit their parents and guardians, at the following times: Christmas, Easter and the 4th of July, 4 days each.

Parents can visit their children on Thursdays, from 10 to 12 o'clock, A.M., and on Sundays, between the High Mass and Vespers.

In case of serious sickness, Pupils will be confided to the care of their parents or guardians.

Outfit.

Each Pupil is required to have the following articles, viz.: 1 suit of Uniform, which is a Blue Cloth Jacket, with bright buttons, black pants and blue cap; 2 suits of Clothes for every day wear; 3 Surtouts of light stuff as linen or muslin; 8 Shirts, 8 pairs of Socks or Stockings, 3 pairs of Drawers, 3 Night Shirts, 6 Napkins of large size, 3 Towels, 8 Handkerchiefs, 3 Cravats, 2 Caps, 3 pairs of Sheets, 2 Blankets, 1 Quilt, 2 white Coverlits and 2 pairs of Boots and Shoes. A Knife, Fork, Spoon, and Goblet of silver or composition; 2 Combs, coarse and fine, a Comb-rack, Hair Brush, Tooth Brush, Clothes Brush and Shoe Brush; a small Tin box for the Toilet articles.

Communications by Letter to be made to the Brother Superior. ag3 1y

St. Patrick's Young Ladies' Academy,

CONDUCTED BY THE

SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME,

LOWELL.

Terms:

For Board and Tuition, per Session of 46 Weeks, one Quarter payable in advance.....$100 00
Washing..... 12 00
For Half-Boarders, who dine at the Academy, per Session, as above..... 50 00
Piano and Vocal Music, per Quarter..... 12 00
Guitar " " 12 00
Painting and Drawing..... 6 00
No extra charge for French.

THE system of instruction, commencing with the elements of an English and French education, will embrace Orthography, Reading, Grammar, Writing in various styles, Composition, Arithmetic, Algebra, Book-Keeping by single and double entry; History, Sacred and Profane, Ancient and Modern; Chronology, Geography, the use of the Globes and projection of Maps, Astronomy, Mythology, Botany, Natural Philosophy and Chemistry.

French being generally spoken by the Ladies, the course of instruction in that tongue will be thorough and entire, affording in familiar conversation, as well as recitation (during which special attention will be devoted to purity of accent and idiom), ample facilities for a perfect acquisition of the language.

Plain Sewing, Embroidery on Lace and Muslin, Bead, Chenille, Shell, Pearl and Wax Work, Tapestry, &c.

Drawing in Crayon, Indian Ink and Black Lead; Painting in Oriental Style, in water colors; Music, vocal and instrumental, Piano and Guitar. In short, all the branches usually taught in the best schools, shall be objects of attention and study in this Institute.

Pupils who board at the Academy should be provided with two pairs of Sheets, Pillow Cases, Towels, Table Napkins, Knife, Silver Fork, Spoon, a Silver or Britannia Goblet, Combs and Brushes. ag6 3m

MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

THIS Institution, situated on a healthy and beautiful eminence, about two miles from Cincinnati, is conducted by the secular clergy who have charge of the Cincinnati Provincial Seminary, and has for its aim to furnish its pupils a thorough education under Catholic influences, and to fit them for any business or profession of life.

The infirmary, wardrobe and other domestic arrangements of the House, are in charge of the Sisters of Charity.

TERMS.—Board and Tuition (including washing, mending, &c.) payable half-yearly *in advance*.

Classical Course per session of ten months.....$1 75
Commercial " " 1 50

Music, if taught, will constitute an extra charge of $50 per session. Books and Stationery may be bought at the Institution.

The session opens on the 24th of August. The Institution has been honored with the cordial approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati and Most Rev. Archbishop Blanc of New Orleans.

Communication to be addressed to

REV. S. H. ROSECRANS, D.D.,
jn6 3m *President.*

ACADEMY OF MOUNT ST. VINCENT,

NEW YORK.

THIS Institution is situated on 105th street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, near Harlem. The Scholastic Year will commence on the first Monday in September.

TERMS.—Board, Tuition and Washing per anaum, payable half-yearly in advance, $160.

Music, Drawing, Painting, French, Spanish and German languages form extra charges. ag15 2m

SAINT JOHN'S COLLEGE,

FORDHAM, WESTCHESTER CO., N. Y.

Studies will be resumed in this Institution on the 2d of September.
ag15 6t R. J. TELLIER, S.J., President.

EDUCATION.

CONVENT

OF THE

SISTERS OF THE CONGREGATION DE NOTRE-DAME,

Established at Montreal,

FOR FEMALE EDUCATION.

THE course of Instruction embraces the French and English languages, Writing, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Geography, and the use of the Globes; Ancient and Modern History, Rhetoric, an insight of Chemistry and Philosophy, Botany, Geology, Conchology, Music, Vocal and Instrumental; Drawing, Painting; every kind of useful and ornamental Needle-Work.

Pupils cannot be admitted without a recommendation. Parents residing at a distance, should appoint some individual in the city, who will be charged to liquidate the amount of the bills, when due, and receive the young ladies should circumstances render their removal from the institution necessary.

The Pupils have access to the garden adjoining the establishment, and are allowed on days of recreation to extend their walk to *Villa-Maria*, a country seat, most pleasantly located, on the bank of the St. Lawrence, and, occasionally to the *Nun's Island*, always attended by several of *the Sisters*.

A vacation of about six weeks is annually given, commencing on *the Thursday* of the *third week of July*, and terminating the *first Thursday of September*.

Each pupil must be furnished on her entrance with:

For Summer Costume.—Two Light Blue Dresses, one White Dress. Three Black Aprons, Six Collars. A Straw Bonnet, trimmed with light blue riband. Two pairs of Gloves, one white, the other colored; a Communion Veil.

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